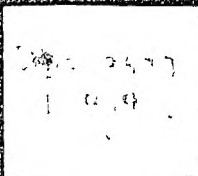


SUNLIGHT
and SHADOW



GEO. FRANCIS LLOYD





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SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

Paul Francis Lloyd

SUNLIGHT *and* SHADOW

BY
CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD

"Study to be quiet"—Walton



TORONTO
THE HUNTER-ROSE COMPANY, LIMITED

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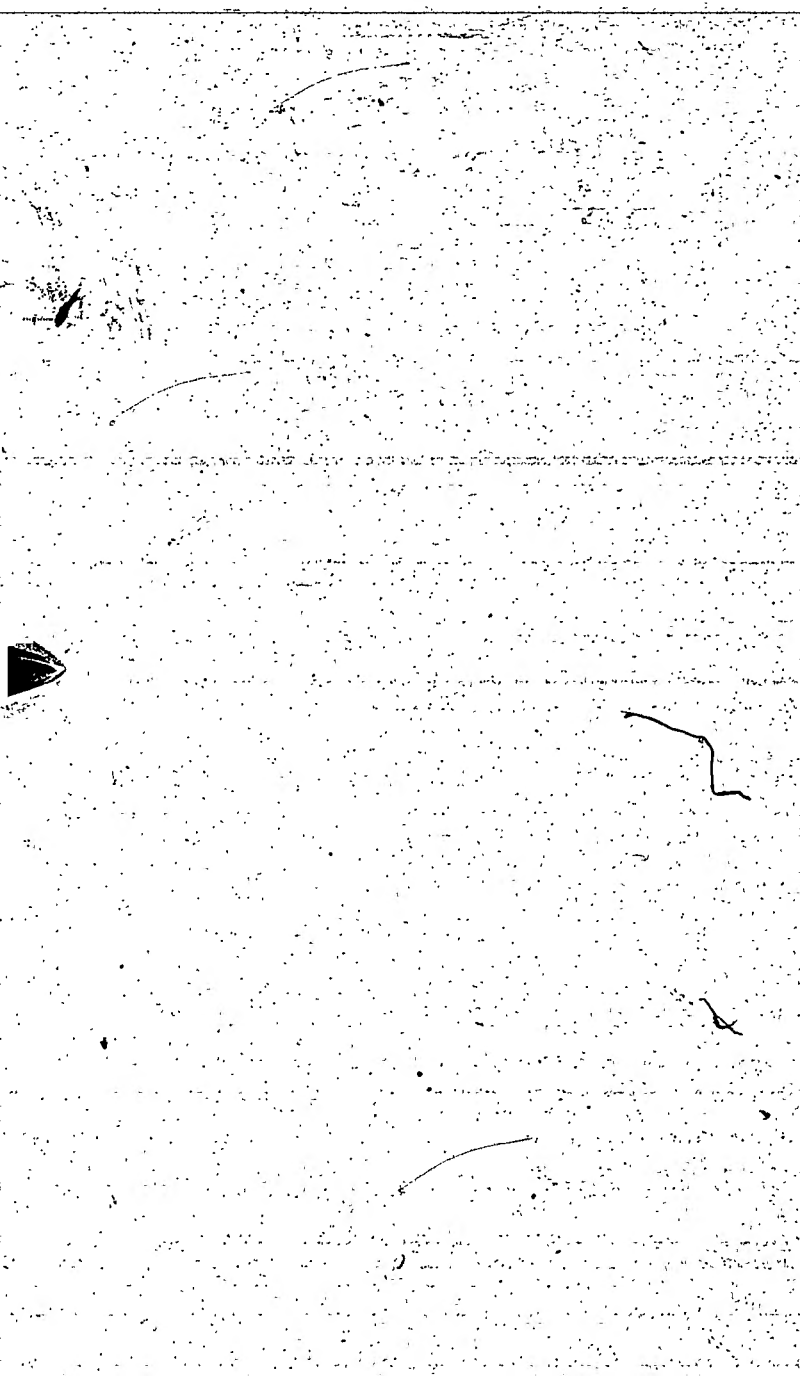
PRESS OF THE HUNTER-ROSE CO., LIMITED

DEDICATED

TO MY FRIEND

GEORGE L. STANWOOD

*A Tried and Trusty Comrade
in The Battle of Life.*

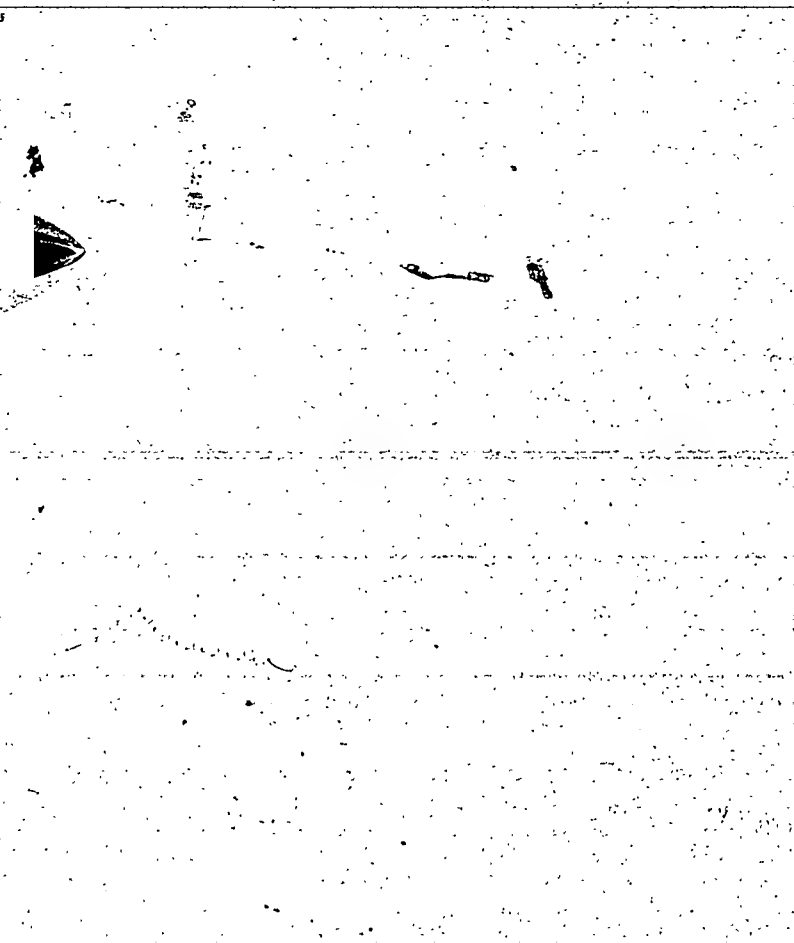


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WILD APPLES

THE front stoop of the old house had four weather-beaten steps leading down directly to the street, with no refreshing strip of lawn between them and the passers-by. Nearly all the houses in the village resembled the old house in being built shouldering the hoary boardwalk. How many successive councils had promised to repair that boardwalk God alone knows.

Whatever gardens the place boasted were behind the houses, tucked away out of sight within rickety wooden fences of flat palings, once white, now overgrown with vines, rose bushes and green levels of odorous cedar, primly trim as an old maid's hair.

The stoop was hot, unbearably hot, for it was a sultry Sunday afternoon in mid-July, and beyond the steep roof of the Methodist church I could see immense, sun-flushed thunder-heads piling higher and ever higher into the eastern sky. Little, luminous wisps of cloud played about the summit of the great central peak, a huge alp, full of sombre fire. Drowsily I recalled a splendid passage in Milton:

"About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven."

The street in front of the house was dusty, for there had been no rain for weeks; hot, for the sun glared down on it, as on the thirsty face of the desert; and noisy, for children played there despite the heat. A group of little girls, in big white pinafores, went round and round beneath the shade of a great oak. I

could see that their hair was damp, their little faces flushed. Their monotonous refrain came to me in a succession of high, fluty notes.


"London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down, my fair lady."

At any other time the words would have been music to my ears, for I love children's voices and whatever is old. But the heat rasped my nerves, like a file drawn across a raw sore, and the endless chant became as exasperating as the aimless buzzing of a fly against a window. Nearer the stoop a group of boys were playing marbles, quarrelling, as boys will, swearing in harsh, nasal tones, saying things that meant nothing. "Did so!" "Didn't!" "You're a liar!" "You're another!" "Aw, bull!" "'S my alley!" "'Taint!" "'Tis!" and so on.

I rose. Could I not find some cool retreat somewhere, some little spot, not too far from the village, yet not too near, where I could stretch out on the sun-warmed grass under a great tree and read, or day-dream or sleep, just as the mood impelled me? I thought of the garden behind the house with its dusty paths bordered by thirsty lobelia and snapdragon, and its long rows of red and white currant bushes, the half-formed fruit hanging in sickly green clusters enough to give one stomach-ache merely to look at them. Then, as my mind reverted to the garden, I caught a vision of Aunt Rebecca sitting in a cane-bottomed rocking-chair, her big glasses on the end of her nose, shelling peas into a six-quart milk pan. Now, I knew that as soon as she saw me she would

motion to me to come and sit on the ground beside her to listen to an endless story about why Miss Kirk, the dressmaker, never got married, a story I had heard a hundred times before, yet, once in my aunt's company, must listen to again, without moving, as the wedding guest listened to the "Ancient Mariner." My Aunt Rebecca was an excellent woman, but she had no sense of humor, and, like Tennyson's book, she went on for ever. Let her once start talking to you and you were anchored for five hours at least, unless you had courage enough to be rude, and it was not easy to be rude to Aunt Rebecca, she was such a nice old body.

Taking my book I tilted my ancient panama over one ear and strolled over to the well. It was a deep well, so that the water came up in the bucket deliciously cool. I took a drink, smacked my lips, said, "Ah!" and took another drink; then I poured what remained in the bucket over my wrists. Setting the bucket on the well-curb, I picked up my book again and went on up the street, beneath the oaks and horse-chestnuts, past the doctor's old house, past the bank, the general store, the cheese factory, the tailor shop, the post office, past two more houses, to the edge of the village and the point where the main street was intersected by a road coming in from the north-west. Unconsciously I took the turn and went on down the road, along the grass, between snake-fences, half hidden beneath blackberry bushes, toward the sunset. I had no aim, no sense of direction, no thoughts, no cares. I was like a fat dog looking for a place to sleep. Presently I would find a shady spot and sit down or lie down. Behind me the harsh bell



of the Methodist church clanged angrily, as though it too felt the heat. "Three o'clock," I muttered, "Sunday school. Glad I'm not a kid." Then I remembered how cool the basement of the church was in summer and changed my mind.

Leaving the road, about half a mile beyond the village, I climbed the fence and struck across a field, on which the brown hay still stood in cocks, towards the old Kennedy place. I did not know it at the moment, one never does, but my good fairy had me by the hand, or the hair, and was leading me on to make one of those discoveries to which only the wee folk can lead one when one is good and in the mood to be led, by which I mean when one has laid aside all hatred, all prejudices, all ambitious plans, all puzzling questions, and is just too lazy to do anything more exhausting than breathe, catch a flying gleam of beauty, murmur a *Laus Deo* and plod on.


A queer place was the old Kennedy place, farms all round it and no road near, so that to reach it from the nearest highway one had to go down a long lane under graceful elms whose interlaced branches formed a Gothic arch above one. At the end of the lane was a swing gate, covered with moss, its top a huge baulk of timber, weighted at the back of the gatepost with stones, which helped to swing it open and shut. Beyond the gate the lane stretched away in diminishing perspective ever so far, sombre under immense trees, displaying an eerie vista, closed by a ruinous house, fronted by a tall hedge of dog-rose that in June became a thing too lovely for words. On several occasions I had approached the old house as close as to the hedge, from which I had once borne home an

armful of those delicate blossoms that are, to me, to be preferred to the finest garden roses. I had never gone beyond the rose hedge, just why I cannot say, except that it was a mere matter of feeling, which is often more powerful than the strongest chain of reasoning when it comes to determining action. Something in the appearance of that ruined, long-deserted farm-house, with its windows from which the glass had vanished and its small group of sombre pines crowded against the western gable, deterred me from going too close. The atmosphere of the place was redolent, not only of decay, which is depressing, but of evil, which is frightful, and I always turned away from the hedge and rotting gate on its rusty hinges with a mingled feeling of fear and sadness.

Crossing the hay-field in the strong, hot light of mid-afternoon, I now approached the old house from the rear for the first time. It was concealed from view by a thick grove of maple and elm, through which wound a narrow, sinuous path made by some cows that a neighboring farmer was pasturing on the deserted farm. A snake fence separated the hay-field from the grove. Reaching the fence, I climbed to the top rail of a solid-looking panel and sat down to rest. The cow path came down along the fence from some open ground to my right, and entered the grove almost at my feet. The trees were so close together and the undergrowth was so dense that the house was completely hidden, and I was speculating on the nature of the ground lying on the farther side of the grove, between it and the buildings, when the clang of a cow bell, subdued by the intervening foliage and by distance, attracted my attention. Jumping from

my perch on the big cedar rail, I went rapidly down the path, bordered by the graceful stems of the young trees, and had gone no great distance, when, turning a sudden bend, I found myself without warning in an old orchard. A remarkably fine herd of sleek Jerseys fed among the hoary apple trees, from whose boughs no fruit had been gathered for nearly thirty years. Deprived of the discipline of cultivation the trees had reverted to the condition of their wild ancestor, the bitter crab.

I do not know just what I had expected to find beyond that grove, an open field, perhaps, or a piece of plowed ground, a potato patch or a deserted garden where purslane, mallow and burdock had taken possession of the beds once occupied by rose and rhododendron. Whatever I had expected, I was surprised. I had not thought to stumble on an orchard, heaven knows why, since every farm in the neighborhood boasted a well-kept one.



Pleased by my discovery, I surveyed the scene before me, the spring, the grazing cattle, the gentle declivity leading up to the rear of the ruined house, and the ancient trees with their gnarled, unpruned and knotty limbs, half concealed by the dull foliage amid which the small, bitter fruit was already more than half formed. After lounging on the warm grass at the edge of the wood for a few minutes I withdrew, promising myself a visit to the place some time during the following May, when the trees would be in blossom.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon reading under the shade of a single large elm, near the centre of the grove, and returned home late, to be gently

lectured by Aunt Rebecca, who had seen me go out across the fields. She was horribly afraid of sunstroke, having heard of some one who had succumbed to that complaint ever so long ago. I forgave the lecture for the sake of her sponge cake.

For the better part of a year I carried that old orchard in my heart, or head, wherever it is that we carry the memory of pleasant moments and delightful things. Then, on a fair evening, early in May, when the new moon swung low in the west, a delicate sickle of pale gold, tremulous in a bath of rose, I went rapidly down the winding cow path and stood once more in the deserted orchard beneath the century-old trees.

Casting around me one swift glance I gasped, as a swimmer gasps upon rising to the surface after long submergence. There are some scenes that no mortal language has power to describe. Only the brush of a Corot or music, perhaps, in a minor key, could convey to a mind capable of receiving images of beauty some faint, unsatisfying impression of that ancient orchard in bloom under the penetrating rose and silver of the clear May evening.

I passed slowly among the old trees, beneath boughs on which robins still nested, where children had played and red and gold fruit had hung, sweet and heavy with juice, in the long-dead summers before I was born. The grass was rich and lush. The sleek cows had gone home to be milked. The place was silent. Not a leaf stirred. I walked to the edge of the spring that murmured ever so softly where it bubbled over its rim into a baby brooklet.

I glanced toward the ruined house. Suddenly a merry group of children came round the end of the

sombre building and ran down the slope. They were led by a little girl whose golden hair streamed, like a banner, behind her as she ran. She had a sweet face. I started violently as I saw that face, upturned to the fading light, for I knew it too well. It was the face of Madge Kennedy, a woman grown, a bride and dead for fifteen years. Then I noticed that though the children appeared to be singing no sound came from their lips and the flowers over which they passed remained untrampled. As swiftly as they had appeared they vanished, just as the last faint flush of rose died out along the west.

Night was round me, night and the white glory of the apple blossoms, tame no longer, but wild and full of the strange feline beauty and winsomeness that God has given to nearly all wild things.

"And God planted a garden eastward in Eden and set man to till it." I wonder what became of the garden when man went away. No doubt it became wild. Perhaps all tame things on this earth will become wild again some day. Troubled by strange thoughts, with a heart full of the beauty of what I had seen, I went slowly home to sleep, to rise and work, to travel in far lands, but never again to lose the beauty of that night when I stood among the wild apples in blossom, with the little, ghostly children vanishing into the afterglow, and above me the passionless stars.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

THERE are four lines of poetry that have been running in my head much of late, perhaps because towards the end of this tiresome earthly journey one's mind reverts to what one learned at its beginning, but also because they are surcharged with a feeling so old, so deep-rooted, so productive of all that is fine and permanent in human lives and human institutions as to constitute part, and a very large part, of the texture, the warp and woof of our spiritual and intellectual being. The lines I refer to should be well known to Canadian readers of every class.

"From the lone shieling on the misty island
Waters divide us and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Hielan
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

To every man long separated from the roof tree beneath which he was cradled and the fields where he played as a child, the homely angles of the house, the arrangement of the furniture, the cheery glow of the fire on winter evenings, the objects most familiar or most endeared by association return again and again, both in dreams and in those waking visions when the mind seems to become clairvoyant, piercing the material husk to catch a glimpse of the far past or even, it may be, the immediate future. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy.

z/ The reader will probably recall the old story of the Swiss who came to America to make his fortune only to die later of homesickness because he could no longer breathe the keen air of his native mountains or hear, borne faintly along the winding trails, the clear music of the *rangs des vaches*. Among the coarse, the unfeeling, the ultra modern, the story will provoke only a smile and a cynical shrug of the shoulders. The man of to-day is becoming more and more a man without a country. I know all about the modern belief, or rather opinion, for it is scarcely a belief, that one should take the world for one's country, regard all men as brothers and for the old attachment to one clan and one small corner of the earth substitute the cosmopolitan's feeling of universal sympathy. There is no doubt a certain narrowness in the sentiment that makes a bit of landscape home, the dearest spot on earth, as there is also no doubt something almost grand and immensely attractive to minds of a certain order, in the feeling that all the world is my home, all men my brothers. Pardon me, I grow old. I was old-fashioned to begin with and the harsh contacts of life have not drawn me towards new fashions or new ways. I may be narrow in mind or sympathy or both but I must have some small corner of the earth to love and a few people whom I may call my friends, admitting them to a degree of intimacy from which all the other sons and daughters of Adam are excluded.

I have met a goodly number of globe-trotters in my time and they seemed to be decidedly disagreeable people, forever engaged in catching trains and studying time-tables, giving orders concerning luggage or speaking about the places they had visited, usually

in terms of disparagement. Now and then I would hear one of these people describe a place, far away on the other side of the earth, in kindly fashion, displaying some appreciation of beauty, some insight into the innate dignity, the *genius loci* of the scene; but whenever this occurred it was sure to be followed by a touching reference to the speaker's home indicating a desire to return to it. I have come to believe most cosmopolites to be people without soul or sense,

mere Cook's tourists, to whom the world appears as a large waiting-room and life a perpetual pilgrimage between one hotel and another. To enjoy travel thoroughly one must have some understanding of and sympathy for the people among whom one goes and this is impossible unless one has a very deep and true feeling for all that is good at home.

Of all the dreadful punishments meted out to erring man by either Divine or human justice the most terrible, to me, is that of the Wandering Jew. To have no home, to be unable to die, to wander forever on the face of the earth, cursed by God and abhorred by man, what can be worse than that? It is enough to turn one's hair white to think of it. At the end of Edwin de Goncourt's fine story, *Renée Mauperin*, there is a heart-breaking picture of Renée's parents, wandering aimlessly from country to country, never resting, never remaining long in one place, tortured by regret, longing for home yet unable to return to it because every familiar object would recall too painfully the little dead daughter. "The man without a country." That is, I verily believe the most dreadful phrase in the language, carrying as it does implications of spiritual as well as merely physical privation.

hinting at the absence, not only of kitchen comforts but of altar and graveyard, the place of worship and the place of final rest.

There is a tiny village near my birthplace in the west country, that is called in the Welsh tongue, "the place where God is at home." Is there not something heart-warming and delightful in the thought of the Creative intelligence, to whom the universe is but a span long and this earth a microscopic grain of dust, folding His wings, bright with the glory of morning and sombre with the starry splendor of midnight, contracting His immensity to the dimensions of a man to find solace after long labor and watching in the curve of a river, the beauty of a primrose-covered bank in spring and the cheery hospitality of a village inn? There seems to be something inhuman, chilling, even a little cruel in the universal benevolence that comprehends and embraces all the valleys of the earth and all the races of men yet scorns the genius of locality. Give me one dooryard, one vine and fig tree, one little river, one small hill upon whose crest the fires of sunset may die out, and one homely kitchen bright, but not too bright, with the red glow of fire and the white glow of clean aluminum. Such a corner of the far-flung dominion of man I can call home, to such a corner I could return after long wandering to feel a heart-glow which your ordinary globe-trotter will never know in all the days of his restless pilgrimage.

All great literature is saturated with this fine perfume of love of country. To the Greeks of the great age, before they became a set of vicious cosmopolitans, Athens, the city of the violet crown, Thebes, Argos, Corinth, Sparta, were names to conjure with, to

restore suppleness to weary muscles at the end of a gruelling march and flame to eyes glazing in death. The Greek warriors, death-struck on the beach before Troy, see through the gathering mist the halls where their wives sit spinning and the fields where their herds graze. To rouse the flagging spirit of the Trojans they are warned that defeat will mean loss of the hearth, transportation to an alien soil. When Sarpedon is killed the half-brothers, Sleep and Death, bear him gently home to the land of the Lycians. All noble writing as well as a great deal of noble painting, sculpture and music is instinct with this passion for the old gods of the hearth, the Lares and Penates. One of the sweetest, most haunting of the poems of Catullus sings of winding, silvery Sirmio and the olives of the home farm. "By the rivers of Babylon I sat down and wept when I remembered thee, O Zion," sang the captive Jews. How many times in the long centuries of their dispersion and exile have the hearts of the Hebrew people turned towards that distant strip of rocky sea coast and the grey towers of the city of David which were and are to this day home, spiritual if not physical, to their weary millions.

"How salt the savor is of others' bread,
How hard the passage is to climb
Of others' stairs.—"

sang the great Dante as heart and eyes turned wearily toward the olive-crowned heights of Fiesole and the dark bridge of the Arno, reddened by the westering sun. Shakespeare's finest work breathes the very breath of England, the perfume of her flowers, the salt tang of her guardian seas.

I recall vividly a journey I made once, like the prodigal son, into a far country. I was absent something less than a year, leaving Canada in November and returning the following August, but the interval between those two dates was a hectic period, fraught with strange, trying experiences. I was accompanied by a friend and as we glanced out of the train window at Emerson in the white hush of a summer morning to catch a glimpse of the Union Jack flapping in the breeze above the custom house we both gave a sigh of profound relief. I felt at that moment such an uplifting of the spirit as I never knew before or since save once, when returning from France, I saw the Dover cliffs looming through the golden haze of an autumn day.

Ah, it is a grand thing to have a country to return to, to love and respect, a country whose history you know, whose soil, whose flowers, whose very clouds and dew are in your bones and blood, interwoven so intimately with every fibre of your being that the foot you set on her soil is a part of her and the blood mounting to your cheeks at sight of her flag is compounded of the dust of her heroes and the beauty of her fields. Woe to the man without a country for he is a man without a soul, and woe to the country so spiritually impoverished that her sons in foreign lands can think of her only as a place where the best typewriters are manufactured or where rich men build the largest hotels and packing-houses in the world. Better two square yards of rock watered with the blood of a brave man slain in a fight for freedom than three million square miles that inspire neither

love nor reverence, the child's delight nor the old man's longing for rest.

Now I hear it objected on every side that one draw-back to loving Canada is that she is too big. One may love a little country like Switzerland, or Holland, or Scotland, or Ireland, say these people, but how is one to love a country that it takes an express train a week to cross? Well, my dears, as the clown said to the husband of the fat woman at the circus, if you can't love her all at once, try an arm, that should keep you busy for a while. If you cannot love Canada as a whole you might try loving New Brunswick, or Ontario or British Columbia. Manitoba is a moody jade, given to flying off the handle, especially in the spring, still I suppose one might learn to love her in moderation though one would need the temperament of a polar bear to love her in winter. Quite seriously, I can see no more difficulty in loving a country three thousand miles long than a potato patch like Ireland or a glorified mixture of oatmeal and lake water like Scotland. It is not the borders of the garment but the pattern of it, or rather what the pattern suggests, that inspires us with affection or hatred.

If you attempt to analyze this subtle thing called glibly love of country, you will find it made up of a thousand threads, each so fine, so delicate, as almost to elude detection. It is compounded of the earth, the sky, the lakes and rivers, the old willowware plate on the mantelpiece, the waves breaking on the rocks or the long, sandy beaches, the little log cabin, the red-brick school-house, the church spire, the fields in spring, a mossy headstone a-lean in the

cemetery, the howling of the wind round a particular corner on a winter night, the cry of a hawker, a battered schoolbook, a group of men telling yarns round the stove in the village store and so many other things that anything like a complete list would look like the catalogue of Homer's ships. Now each of the things I have named has worked its way into your heart, through your senses, before you were old enough to know the meaning of the word, patriotism, and has taken root there, to grow later into a plant bearing fair blossoms whose fragrance may thrill you some day in far lands when they are shaken by a little wind from home bearing your country's name on a post mark or a stamp or woven into the colors of a flag or the rhythms of a song. Ah, it is a fine thing, my boy, this love of country. Next to the love of a good woman and a child it is the finest thing this sorry earth affords.


But if it is a fine thing to love one's country it is also a fine and necessary thing to be able to blush for one's country when she is manifestly in the wrong as she is pretty sure to be sooner or later, for nations as well as individuals make sorry mistakes for which they have to repent in sackcloth and ashes. I trust we all know what stout, honest old Doctor Johnson meant when he said, "Patriotism, sir, is the last refuge of a scoundrel." The kind of patriotism that waves a flag, follows a brass band, tries to make political capital out of the true patriotism of decent bodies, shouts, "My country, right or wrong," is precisely the kind that you will find counting shekels in a bomb-proof shelter or signing a contract to supply rotten biscuit and paper-soled boots to

the boys at the front when the guns begin to roar. True patriotism is as quiet and cheerful as sunlight, as modest as a maid used to be, as faithful under difficulties as a dog or a good wife, as solicitous for the national honor as for the individual's interest and as ready to die in a fair and honest quarrel as a man to go to bed after a hard day's work. It takes courage to denounce one's country when she is in the wrong. One is sure to be called a traitor or a crank or the follower of some half-crazy apostle of peace whenever one raises one's voice against injustice between nations. All the great Earl of Chatham's victories shine less brightly for me than his ringing denunciation of the war against the American colonies with its employment of mercenary soldiers and Indian scalping knives. Lloyd Georges' defence of the Boers in the very citadel of militant Toryism will be remembered to his credit when all his subsequent shiftings and side-steppings are mercifully hidden by the mist of time.

Learn early to love your own country as a man loves a maid or a mother her child. Then, as you grow older and travel, it may be, far from her, into alien lands, beneath unfamiliar constellations, meeting strange, colored people who worship with passionate devotion other gods than yours, you will look upon them not with the cold, glass-eye stare of the vulgar globe-trotter, but with the warm, sympathetic glance of a brother man, and meeting later some of these people in your own country you will not laugh at their deadly nostalgia but minister to it with the fine understanding of one who has been homesick himself.

ON OUTDOOR BOOKS

A GOOD book being the precious life-blood of a master spirit, it follows that there must be books for all occasions, since even master spirits have diverse tastes. There are, I believe, for all readers—certainly there are for me—daylight books and books that can be read comfortably only by candle-light. Alas! there are no long-sizes any more. Some books were plainly intended for the den, the fire side, the warmth and security of home, while others yield their true flavor only in summer-time and in the open, between hedges of blossoming hawthorn or on the margin of a river or a windy hill-side. There are also morning and evening books, but it is of the outdoor books that I wish to speak more particularly now.




Can any real book-lover read White's *History of Selborne* with any degree of enjoyment in a house? I certainly cannot. I have followed Gilbert through the pages of his delightful book all over Selborne parish so often that I seem to know every stone, tree, and coign of vantage, but nearly always in the open and at the height of summer. When the scent of new-mown hay fills the fields, when the dog-rose bears a few late blossoms and the air is dark with the flight of swallows and heavy with the languor of approaching harvest, then Gilbert's book seems to exhale a richer, fuller flavor than at other seasons. And what a flavor the book has! One usually sees it in the book-stores on the table devoted to children's books, dressed in a meretricious cloth jacket protected

by a gaudy paper cover. Often it is an illustrated horror full of pictures from the pencil of some idiot without the slightest feeling for country sights or sounds. My copy is the quiet, well-printed *Everyman*, and the very breath of the fields, the woods, the good fresh earth, the ripened leaves of autumn, the cool immaturity of spring is in every line of it. Speaking for myself only, it is the first and one of the best of the outdoor books, full of shrewd, loving, patient observation of hills and brooks and all the little, homely furred and feathered creatures that burrow in the one or swim in the other, or fly above both. As a naturalist, White may be hopelessly behind the times, but as a genuine lover and interpreter of nature he is immortal, eternally young, most eternally right.

There are writers whose lightest word directs you infallibly to their proper environment, the place where they naturally dwell. I can never fancy Charles Lamb anywhere beyond the outskirts of London and, curiously enough, I have the same feeling about Dickens. There is plenty of the open country in Dickens, yet almost every line of his work smells strongly to me of London. I cannot think of Sir Walter Scott as living outside Scotland, or Tennyson anywhere but in England, or Browning north of a line drawn from Venice to Florence. Now just as there are authors who suggest particular localities, so others speak of a roof-tree or the open fields. Can any judicious reader picture Thackeray ambling along a country road with a pack on his back, or George Borrow enjoying a chop and *The Times* at Almacks? Surely not.

I hold *Lavengro* to be a first-rate outdoor book in every respect, and so is *The Bible in Spain*. I don't care a fig for Borrow's absurd prejudices. I would not for the world alter, by so much as a comma, a single sentence in his delightful books—delightful because they exhale a strong flavor of that most rare and precious thing, personality. Borrow's claims as a linguist may rest on a frail foundation. His hatred of certain people and things is often babyish and illogical, but these things are an essential, inseparable part of the man, no more to be changed than the color of his eyes; and the man is not merely in his books, he is the books. *Lavengro* is as much a piece of George Borrow as his beard or his voice.



One might imagine a hypothetical somebody other than Shakespeare writing *Hamlet* and *Othello*, but no human being that ever lived save Borrow could have produced that amazing hash of odd facts, baseless theories, manly self-confidence, truculent boasting, thin erudition, and catlike fondness for tormenting people, the whole flavored with the smell of the good brown earth, which is *Lavengro*. The thing is absolutely unique, refreshing as a strong wind, quite beyond the reach of criticism; one might as well criticize a sunset. The famous "wind on the heath" passage is for me one of the most unforgettable in literature.

To get yourself into your book, to saturate every sentence with so strong a solution of humanity that no reader from king to costermonger can resist the charm and the claims of their common manhood as reflected in and exhaled from its pages, that is the great thing, the rare and difficult thing, the enduring

thing. All the great books of the world reek with this overpowering flavor of a particular man, who is at once an individual and a multitude, a man and mankind. Shakespeare is supposed to be impersonal, so is Goethe, and so too is Conrad; but if you read their works carefully, you will catch the personal note again and again. In Borrow and Pepys, Dickens and Balzac, this note is never absent.

The list of good outdoor books is not a long one—more's the pity—but to be even nearly complete it must include Walton's "Angler," W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions*, and half a dozen books of travel, such as Burton's *Pilgrimage to Mecca*, Speke's journal of the Nile expedition, and that rare masterpiece that has nothing to do with travel, *Walden*.

I think *The Complete Angler* must have been written on leaves, like the prophecies of the Cumean Sibyl, by the side of a clear river in June. Its pages are wet with the raindrops, sweet with the breath of honeysuckle, flecked with cloud shadows, and all a tremble with the summer breeze. To read Walton in a close room in winter is to change the heavy atmosphere into a sweet, pure wind and set all the flowers on the wall-paper growing.

Can you picture Burton living in a house, paying taxes, lying between sheets, eating marmalade for breakfast? The man was born to wander as the sparks fly upward. He could never have been comfortable for an instant amid the clap-trap and unnecessary bric-a-brac of our artificial civilization. There is in him a strong, vivid element of stark, unashamed savagery. He must have been an ugly man to quarrel with, but he wrote one of the best

outdoor books extant, the *Pilgrimage to Mecca*. The breath it exhales is not the breath of cultivated fields but of the ancient untamed wilderness, inhabited by hunger, thirst, mystery, and terror.

I come at last to one of the queerest and not by any means the worst of outdoor books, *Walden*. It might have been written by an introspective Adam in the Garden of Eden before Eve was created. I cannot imagine Thoreau in love. There is a curious simplicity, at once infantile and mature, about *Walden*: a blend of the scholar reading Homer, the Indian trapping muskrats, and the boy digging fish-worms. I fancy Thoreau was all these things. That vignette of the French-Canadian wood-chopper is a masterpiece. On the whole this strange book is a little too didactic to be a supremely good titbit for outdoor reading, nevertheless it has peculiar merits of its own, one transcendent merit—a fine sincerity. It rings true from beginning to end.

ON THE ABSENCE OF FRIENDS.

“**F**RRIENDSHIP,” says Montaigne, “is nourished by communication.” The great Frenchman is right, as he usually is. It is very difficult to keep a fire alight for long without fuel, and though a steadfast affection may survive death and feed on memory one cannot maintain amicable relations with the living without frequent intercourse, either oral or through the kindly ministrations of the mail. Now a letter is a very good thing, but it is cold comfort to one who longs for a warm hand-clasp, the familiar flash of an eye, the tones of a well-loved voice.

A letter from a long-absent friend, now living on the other side of the globe, put me upon this train of thought, causing my mind to hark back to pleasant days together, to the books we read, the old Latin grammar—for we “chewed Corderius with our morning crust”—Livy, the stained Herodotus, the ragged copy of *Huck Finn*, the people we knew, the places we loved best to visit. Closing my eyes a moment, my friend’s letter in my hand, I heard again the crack of the bat and the cheer rising from a hundred young throats as the ball sailed over the distant fence. I saw, too, the flash of slim, white bodies in the sun and heard the once familiar splash. O ye ole swimming hole, what lies have been told in your name!

It is a deadly thing this parting with a friend, even for a time, even when you know that he is only going a few hundred miles and may still reach you by letter, wire, or the long-distance telephone. It

takes time to deliver a letter. One cannot be phoning every day. What of the lunch you and your friend used to have together, the hot political debate on the safety platform, waiting for the car or just after parking at the curb, the joking and back-slapping, the cheery greeting in the morning, and the evening round of golf or game of chess or cards? All these little things that keep the fire of friendship burning brightly are cut off, banished to the cold limbo of the past by a removal of even fifty or sixty miles. But when seas and continents divide you from your friend, the separation becomes little less complete and dreadful than death itself.

All the poets and essayists have been busy with more or less florid descriptions of the nature and offices of friendship, but few of them ring quite true. There is something a little stagy about Nysus and Euraylus, and my lord Bacon's essay has too much the air of a well-written brief. One fancies Essex, or another of the Lord Keeper's acquaintances, saying to him over the wine: "Why not get up a case for friendship, my lord? I think you could do it rather well." It is well done, as most of Bacon's work is, but there is no warmth in it. Bacon was too cold, too cautious, had too good an eye to the main chance to know much about either the dainty delights or the poignant sorrows of true friendship, for sorrows there are. You cannot have roses without thorns in this world, and if you give your heart wholly to another there will come a day when he will take it so far away that you will grow cold and perhaps die for the lack of it.

Go down town of a morning, especially a bright morning in spring, and note that sunny corner where every day for years you met that old friend who is now in Capetown, or Sydney, or—. How bleak the corner seems now. You never noticed how windy it was in the old days. Even the sun of July will scarcely warm it. It is the same with a hundred other places: the club, the fence across which you used to chat, the pew in church which he occupied, the familiar desk in the office above which you fancy sometimes you still see his face, or hers, for there is friendship, true, warm, lasting, between men and women, without any hint of sex, despite Montaigne. This time, for once, my friend Michael is wrong.

I confess I do not think much of Sam Johnson's advice, "You must keep your friendships in constant repair." It may be good common sense but it smacks a little too much of the Doctor's somewhat cold-blooded prudence.

Looking back into that curious, artificial Eighteenth Century, my favorite literary and historical stamping-ground, I cannot fancy the flower of a true, unselfish, and lasting friendship thriving under its glacial sun. What a deadly time it must have been in spite of the fine phrases and mock heroics and elegant posturings of all those excessively fine ladies and gentlemen! Would Bozzy's friendship for Johnson have survived the frost of a disgrace or imprisonment? Perhaps; but I doubt it. Read Tom Jones. There is a certain coarse brutality about the whole of that age of Walpoles and Madame du Defands that disgusts most of us now, bad as we are.

The Seventeenth Century with its rancorous hatreds and intense convictions would have been a better and sweeter soil for friendship to grow in than its successor.

The very tap-root of friendship is a certain harsh sincerity, an intense white flame of conviction. You must believe in your friend's worth and he in yours though the heavens fall. There must be some groundwork of moral excellence, too. Your friend need not be a saint, he may even be a rake or near it, but he must have some good qualities, courage, unselfishness, honesty, and truthfulness as between you and him, though he may prove an Ananias and Cagliostro to all the rest of the world.

I am away from my point, which is the absence of friends, not the nature of friendship.

"How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down in the sailor's phrase, as quite seaworthy" says delightful Charles Lamb in the essay on distant correspondents.

I fear saint Charles is right about the matter; he usually is. When I reply to my friend's letter, I shall suggest that he come and pay me a visit, so that after a chilling absence of fifteen years we may again sacrifice to that blind god, who, I suppose, looks after this steady burning fire of life-long friendship as well as the hot flame of love. As a matter of fact, the two fires are identical. Love is the fuel that feeds both; only, when first lighted, especially between a man and a woman, boy and girl, it is apt to flare up and smoke a little, but presently settles down into a warm, cheery glow, the brightest and warmest thing on earth, the only thing that makes

this detestable lunatic asylum of life tolerable for most of us.

Come back, my friend. Oh, come back! Alas! there are friends who cannot come back. Vale, vale. You who are classical scholars recall that haunting line of Catulus by his brother's grave. O heart of my heart, if you cannot come back, at least I can go to you ; for that is the chief crown of a true friendship, nothing can separate friends for long, nothing.

EDWARD GIBBON

THROUGH the mist of time which gradually obscures all earthly things, across the gulf dug by the too swift passage into oblivion of more than thirty years, I catch a glimpse of a plump, ruddy-freckle-faced boy sitting on top of what appears to be a bit of broken wall, kicking his heels against the still solid masonry and frowning occasionally, not in anger but in doubt, as he slowly turns the pages of a cloth-bound, illustrated volume almost as fat as himself. Above him bends the tawny Italian sky, around him the bees hum in the oleander blossoms, yonder rises the stark pyramid of Caius Cestius, the grim mass of the Flavian amphitheatre offends the limpid light of the late February day ; in the garden on the Pincian, roses are in bloom ; and soaring high in air, dominating the whole superb scene, even as a great thought or a lovely memory of some friend long dead dominates the crumbling ruins and arid levels of later life, the vast dome of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles, fills the eye and the mind with the majesty that is still Rome.

Years have fled. I am no longer either plump or freckled. I bear little enough resemblance to the boy of my vision, and yet memory tells me it is I as I once was and that I am seated on a broken fragment of the wall of Romulus reading the enchanting pages of Gibbon for the first time. I am afraid I skipped a good many passages of pudgy Master Gibbon's book during that first reading. I cared nothing for Roman law then, and theology bored me as much

in those days as it does now. But the battles fixed my attention so firmly that not even a tiger-beetle pursuing a wood-louse across a decaying stick at my feet could distract me. What noble battles there are in Gibbon, oodles of them—big, luscious, bloody ones, full of heroes as brave as Roland, champions as huge as Sir Bevis, armies a score of miles long, and enough dead men, charging horses, clanging swords, and general rumble-bumble to glut the appetite for gore, noise, and confusion of even a fourteen-year-old boy. Ah, if I could only recapture "the first fine careless rapture" that was mine as I turned those vivid pages amid the ruins of old and the flowers of new Rome all those dusty, hurrying years ago.

If the fortunate ones whom Charon has already ferried over the sombre waves of Styx are cognizant, as Sir Oliver and his friends would have us believe, of what is happening on this side that dark river, how Gibbon must smile at the acrid controversies to which his fat volumes have given birth. I suppose he has had more bricks thrown at him by bigots and small critical black beetles, in search of a few farthings' worth of fame, than any other author living or dead. His first book was scarcely off the press when the opening rumble of the storm rolled along the horizon, and the wind has been howling and the lightning flashing ever since. Scholars anxious to display their superior erudition, theologians imbued with the venomous hatred for which their class is noted, stylists to whom words are of more importance than the ideas they represent, critics burning to show off their penetration in the elucidation of some historical jigsaw puzzle, antiquarians nosing among the rubbish

heaps of the past, and a host of small human wood-lice, proud to catch a great man napping, have all had their fling at the Decline and Fall. But in spite of attacks, the work still remains substantially undamaged, at least damaged about as much as the rock of Gibraltar has been by the rains of the past hundred and forty years. There it stands on my library shelf, entire, imposing, indestructible, a prose epic without rival or serious competitor, as noble a monument to the learning, penetration, and patient industry of its creator as St. Paul's is to the genius of Wren. It has delighted five generations of cultivated readers; and unless the human race is submerged by some unforeseen cataclysm, or bigotry, ignorance, and superstition and their father, barbarism, once more triumph over reason and her child, enlightenment, it will continue to delight fifty-five more.

I have perused those fat volumes six times since that first careless, partial, hit-and-miss reading on the old wall, and now I am going through them yet again, bringing to them this time the ripened judgment and scholarship which is the fruit of thirty odd years of reading and experience in many lands. They have lost almost none of their charm. To be sure I can see the cracks and flaws more clearly than formerly, the occasional lack of candor, the fondness for half-truths, the sly malice of the repeated attacks on Christianity, and the unevenness of the style, now swelling into Johnsonian turgidity, anon sinking to the level of a police-court reporter's write-up of a vulgar murder. But when one comes to compare these scattered and partial blemishes with the vast scope and real greatness of the work they cease to

possess any importance in the eyes of a candid and discerning critic. They are merely the little infirmities of temper that mar an otherwise noble character, the tiny flaw in the diamond, the few insignificant, ugly features of a wide and lovely landscape. An historian who has taken the world for his canvas and all the races of men for his figures may be allowed to fail now and then in the delineation of a face or the arrangement of a robe.

I like history chiefly because my reading of it is accompanied by the comforting certainty that all the people I meet in its pages are dead. The first feature that impresses the reader of Gibbon who comes to the work, not in a critical mood, but with the determination to be pleased, which is the only spirit in which to approach any work of art, is the vast size of the thing, not the number of volumes or pages but the length of the period covered, the enormous extent of territory involved, the myriads of human actors who play a part in it, the multiplicity of details. Three-quarters of the globe, the continents of Asia, Africa, and Europe, all the races of men except the natives of Australia and the two Americas, and nearly fifteen hundred tumultuous years are the stage, the scenery, and the actors in the immense drama of the Decline and Fall.

How skilfully Gibbon directs his puppets, what vivid scenery he uses, how swiftly the scenes shift and change, what a variety of incident he employs to hold the attention of his audience, how little confusion there is, what admirable order, and how brilliantly the spotlight illumines from first page to last the walls and towers, the temples, gardens, and

palaces of that ancient, eternal, enigmatic city, a hundred times destroyed and as often rebuilt, rising like the sphinx from her ashes after every fresh conflagration, finding in her progressive decay a principle of continually renewed life—Rome, city of the soul, the mother of faiths and nations.

As Dean Millman once said, with as much truth as judgment, to appreciate Gibbon thoroughly one must go to the muddy source from whence he derived his material, the dark, intricate, hopelessly involved and contradictory narratives of theological special-pleaders, mediaeval chroniclers, Byzantine historians, and decadent Roman courtiers and annalists—deluded fanatics or deliberate liars almost to a man. To say Gibbon extracts the few grains of golden truth and sense buried in colossal heaps of ancient rubbish and that in this difficult and thankless task he displays admirable industry and skill is mere matter of fact. All that is valuable in a dozen ponderous volumes of pontifical nonsense reappears in the *Decline and Fall* as a single paragraph, lucid, compact, vivid, stately, replete with shrewd observation, keen arrows of well-aimed sarcasm, manly tributes to valor and virtue, descriptions as clear and sharply etched as a good steel-engraving.

Much has been made of Gibbon's hostility to Christianity, and much that has been said by his critics on this point is hideously unjust. Even a candid ecclesiastical historian, if such a person exists, must admit that the Church was divided by heresy almost as soon as her Founder had ascended into Heaven, that her first five general councils were

stained by blood and marked by tumult and unreason, that she was accorded the blessing of peace only to assume the odious rôle of a persecutor, and that religious controversy has been marked in every age by cruelty, by intense bitterness, and by gross intellectual dishonesty. There is another point worth considering in this connection, as explanatory of Gibbon's attitude towards the Church—the times in which he lived. He was a typical product of the age of reason. A century that rewarded the loathsome vices of a Dubois and a Hoadley with the bishop's mitre and the cardinal's hat was certain to produce a rich crop of atheists and free-thinkers. To anything deserving a wise and good man's reverence, Gibbon could be as reverent as Johnson himself.

Of Gibbon's style, volumes of solemn nonsense have been written; but little need be said. It is uneven, a fault common to all long works, whether in verse or prose. At its best it is lucid, dignified, stately, compact, a good, sinewy, manly style, admirably adapted to every purpose of the historian, to a rapid and continuous narrative of stirring events, telling descriptions of persons, places, manners, and things, and the occasional examination of an institution, a system of law, a religious creed, or the intricate machinery of civil government. It sometimes becomes turgid, but not for long, and now and then it sinks to the level of reporting. On the whole it is admirable; at its very worst it is readable, and that is more than can be said for some of the great

man's critics. What can be better than the opening paragraph? Let the reader judge :—

"In the Second Century of the Christian era the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth and the most civilized portion of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valor. The gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. Their peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence: the Roman senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority, and devolved on the emperors all the executive powers of government. During a happy period of more than fourscore years, the public administration was conducted by the virtue and abilities of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines. It is the design of this and the two succeeding chapters to describe the prosperous condition of their empire; and afterwards, from the death of Marcus Antoninus, to deduce the most important circumstances of its decline and fall; a revolution that will ever be remembered and is still felt by the nations of the earth."

Could anything be better for vigor, for dignity, for lucidity and compression? This is not the voice of an advocate but of a judge, and a judge who cannot be deceived and who will hold the scales of justice evenly. I can afford but little space for quotations, but here is a short passage that I must quote :

Sufetula was built one hundred and fifty miles to the south of Carthage; a gentle declivity is watered by a running stream and shaded by a grove of juniper trees; and in the ruins of a triumphal arch, a portico, and three temples of the Corinthian order, curiosity may yet admire the magnificence of the Romans.

Did you ever hear that note before? Does it not remind you of those excellent little illustrated booklets which the C.P.R. issues for the instruction of prospective round-the-world trippers? This, however, is not Gibbon at his best.

How vast is the multitude of Gibbon's actors and how varied the actions. Like the circles made by a stone thrown into a pond the scene widens with each succeeding chapter. At first one is confined to the neighborhood of Rome or wanders afield at farthest to Gaul, Spain, or Britain. But soon one is following Trajan down the valley of the Euphrates or marching in the old track of Xenophon through the mountains of Armenia. A hundred successive waves of barbarians roll down upon the Empire, rise, threaten to overwhelm the eternal city itself, break in thunder, and vanish. Ages come and go. Dynasties have their little day and disappear. The whole structure of Roman government changes under our eyes. The empire is divided, broken, submerged, beneath a red flood of war only to reappear as a shifting kaleidoscope of barbarian kingdoms. Europe, as we know it today, is made, and we are present at the making. In interludes between the gigantic acts we view the venerable institutions of Persia or Germany, the majestic fabric of the Imperial laws, and man's soul at death grips with the insoluble problem of his relation to the eternal things—God and sin, life and death, belief and duty. It is less a history than an enormous prose epic, a hundred *Iliads* rolled into one, a vast panorama of ancient and comparatively modern things, of thrones, dominations, powers; the origin, development, decay, and subsequent rebirth of more than half that we are, know, and believe—in short the life-cycle of two-thirds of the human race. I know of nothing else like this great work and I know of no substitute for it. It is one of the indispensable books.

Some witty fellow said once that Gibbon hated revolution because he was exactly the sort of person that any revolutionist would naturally want to kill. The remark contains as much point as humor, and plenty of both. Gibbon was civilized, and one note of the civilized man is that he is calm, cool, collected, not easily disturbed or thrown off his balance by local disasters and transient changes, whether affecting the individual or the race. He knows that all things change, are born and die, blossom and decay, flourish and vanish away. He does not run after every new thing. He is not taken in by quacks and shams, because he has seen them before in the pages of history, in other masks perhaps, but with the same old lineaments of fraud beneath. He is really a most exasperating person to talk to if you are young and enthusiastic. When you are violently excited, full of zeal for the great cause, certain that the golden age is about to dawn, that the ideal republic in which all men are to be free, rich, wise, and happy is to be set up tomorrow morning, it is dreadful to have a calm gentleman, eating buttered toast and marmalade on the verandah, tell you that all this hullabaloo which you think is going to change heaven and earth is only a row in the kitchen, that it will change nothing except to transfer the profitable business of bamboozling human beings from one set of bureaucrats to another and that a thousand years after you have been lapped in lead some patient scholar will unlap you and proceed to examine you with a microscope, as though you were a new kind of potato-bug. It takes all the pride and conceit out of you, and this is just what Gibbon does. He restores you to sanity

and discomfort by throwing a pailful of ice-water over your wildest enthusiasms. He drags you back from the bright realm of fancy to the bleak, bitter country of incontrovertible fact. No wonder the zealots hate him.

What a life, what a book! Somewhere in his delightful autobiography Gibbon says, "I have just killed two-hundred-thousand barbarians and am now going to have breakfast." Not a bad morning's work, say I. Let me admit that my partiality for the great historian is based on a community of taste and feeling. He loved books; I adore them. He preferred the society of sensible women to male company. I would trade fifty philosophers for one good-natured stenographer, even if she chewed gum. He liked quietness, and I would exchange six aeons in Paradise for a place on this earth where I could be quiet for ten minutes. He set a high value on good eating, drinking, and all the other creature comforts; if there is anything better worth pursuing here below, I have not yet discovered it. He hated bores, bigots, cranks, barbarians, and lunatics; and I have never observed that any of these breeds love me.

If that pleasing apologue with which Plato closes the last book of his Republic could be realized, if we could indeed choose any earthly lot we liked, I confess I should be tempted to choose Edward Gibbon's down to the moment when sickness overtook him. Like many another man he lived too long.

Here is our cottage with our books and our little comforts. Beside us is the placid lake, and yonder are the noble mountains with the clouds brooding

or marching above them. Away there in London are our friends, Johnson, Reynolds, and Goldsmith, the noblest friends in the world. We will rise when we like, kill our two-hundred-thousand barbarians, have breakfast, and then walk by the lake and meditate. In the afternoon Madame Neckar will drop in for a chat, bringing with her the young De Stael. In the evening we will write till we can no longer see the words. Betty will bring in the candles. After tea we will sip our Chambertin and read Tacitus

or Livy. At last, after twenty years, the work will be done, and then we will step through the open French window into the sweet, cool June night and take a turn in our garden under the patient, everlasting stars. Yes, I should have liked all that.

Good old Gibbon, for all the pleasant hours you have given me, beguiling me into forgetfulness of pain, loneliness, regret, and heartache, for all your good stories, your vivid pictures, your great scenes, your rare good company. I thank you again and again. Good-bye.

TREES

I CANNOT remember a time when I did not love trees, by day and by night, in summer and winter, in leaf and out, big trees and little trees, almost as much as I loved books and horses, a fox terrier dog, and, since I grew up, a pretty girl. I love the sight of trees and the sound of them and the feel of them too, so that if I were blind I should love them still, even as Mr. Petulengro vowed he would love life as long as he could feel the wind on the heath.

There is something big, brotherly and protecting about a tree that I do not find in any other bit of non-animal nature. "My tree brides," Oliver Wendell Holmes called the great elms of New England as he went about the countryside measuring them with his tape. The mountains stand coldly aloof from our hot mortal life. The sea is cruel, inscrutable, repellant. The prairies have that in their vastness that breeds loneliness, seeming to prepare one for a strange isolation of the spirit in "worlds not realized." But trees, whether in the primeval forest or clustered about our own rooftree, are companionable. They share our misfortunes and our common fate. They were born as we were born and though they may outlive the oldest among us by some brief centuries, they too must die. Their life cycle is longer than ours but their sap moves to the same rhythm as our blood, and flows, ebbs and finally sinks back into the spring from whence it came, even as ours.

Perhaps it is this common fortune, the memory of bright and dark days shared together which with a certain nobility of form and a hint of powers only half guessed at, never used, that makes of a great tree, alone among the vegetable creation, almost a fit companion for man. We enjoy flowers, rear them tenderly, search in tropical forests for rare ones, pay exorbitant prices for them, wear them in our button-holes till they fade but never suppose, even in our maddest moments, that they are of kin to us. If we are poets we may make of the rose or the bluebell a pretty symbol of the fragility of human existence. But there is a patronizing note in even our sweetest songs about flowers. They are toys, the loveliest and most ephemeral things in the world. But who ever thought of patronizing an oak?

Of all the phrases that have stuck in my mind from earliest boyhood I confess my favorite, the one that has most warmed my heart and lifted up my spirit in dull moments, filling my mind with images of home and the old glories of my race, is one that was constantly on the lips of my paternal grandfather, Sir Tempest Tarbreaches, admiral of the blue, "The wooden walls of old England." I can well recall the old gentleman walking about the great park at Seaworthy Abbey, in a long blue frock coat, cocked hat and gaiters, with a telescope under his arm, sticking acorns in holes made with the ferule of his walking-stick that his country, God bless her, might never lack stout oaks with which to build her wooden walls, and this at a time when wolfish destroyers were smashing the Channel scud into smoke and the plans for the first dreadnought lay on the table

at the Admiralty. The old man's work will not go for nothing, for if England needs no more wooden walls she needs stout hearts and where can a boy find a stouter heart growing in his breast than when climbing during a great wind to the tip-top of some mighty oak and feeling the rhythm of the storm in his blood and something of the tree's strength entering into his tense nerves and taut muscles. Of wooden heads there will always be plenty everywhere, but we will let them bide.

My happiest hours when a boy were spent at Seaworthy Abbey. The house was situated at a lonely spot on the south coast of Wales. There were great oaks in the park and tall, dark pines on the hill beyond, through whose needles the wind sang as wild a tune as ever excited mingled feelings of wrath and melancholy in a man's heart. Talk about the old bards and their songs : they sang no fiercer, or more blood-stirring ditty to king or bowman, in hall or on the march, than the pines of Seaworthy sang to me on dark December afternoons, when snow mingled with the foam at the foot of the cliffs and the scream of homing gulls sounded like the death cry of drowning men. I have climbed every tree in the old park, oak and pine, save those that have grown up since I left. A little dark-eyed tomboy of a cousin climbed most of them with me to the grievous detriment of her small hands, short frocks and lace frills. Little she cared for torn skin or linen and never laughed more gleefully than when balanced on the extreme end of a swaying bough where I, somewhat heavier and much more clumsy, could not follow her. A sailor's bride since then, she has been

dead these fifteen years. I wonder whether her ghost ever haunts the daisy-sprinkled park at lambing time now and whether the nesting birds ever see her small, piquant face peering round the bole of a tree into their nest as she used to do.

Among my earliest Canadian recollections is one of dark logs hurled pell-mell, end over end or shooting forward as though flung from the hand of a giant, down the foaming rapids of an Ontario river. Tall, lithe men, in red and black striped shirts, mackinaw pants and spiked boots, carrying long, steel-shod pike-poles, were leaping madly from log to log in an effort to reach the shore. They all succeeded that time, but on another occasion I saw one poor fellow slip between the racing logs and disappear forever.

The forest trees of the new world partake of the national character, being on the whole taller, slimmer and of more rapid growth, and I believe shorter life, than similar species in Europe. I have seen noble elms and pines a-plenty in Canada but no such oaks as those of Sea-worthy.

Of all forest trees the oak gives one the most overpowering impression of sheer strength, just as the elm is the most graceful and, under certain conditions of situation and weather, the white pine is the noblest. To see a gigantic pine anchored to the bare face of a rocky escarpment or standing sentinel on the extreme verge of an immense cliff, in the dazzling white and blue of a clear winter morning, is to enjoy one of the most spirit-stirring sights in nature.

If ideas of strength and grandeur attach to oak, elm and pine surely the beeches are among the most beautiful of trees, especially in the fall when their

foliage assumes that rich, coppery tint that distinguishes them at that time from all their fellows.

Most witching of trees is the white birch, Corot's favorite, delicate in line as it is lovely in colour. Seen under the clear light of a full moon, its sensitive leaves all a-tremble as though for very joy, the birch is queen of the woods.

The sugar maple is a noble tree, as is the shell-bark hickory and the Southern pecan and even the ragged western cottonwood has a charm of its own.

An outlaw among trees, almost always solitary, gnarled and storm-bitten, but a rare favorite of mine for all that, is the despised white-thorn. I never see it without recalling Jothan's clever and telling fable of the trees. "Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come now and reign over us." There was a huge white-thorn of immense age in a little hollow, high up among the Malvern hills. When I was a boy I used to climb up to it, sit among its twisted roots and look down through the mist of a summer morning at the gray towers of Malvern Abbey.

Yes, I have loved trees all my life, as the best friend I ever had, almost the only one, loved them, and when this journey is done we shall both sleep together through the autumn nights beneath the dancing red leaves of a maple.

RAIN

TO city people, hurrying home from work at night or towards work of a morning, or perhaps looking forward to the enjoyment of an infrequent holiday, rain presents itself for the most part as a nuisance, or at best a necessary evil, creating mud, spoiling summer clothes and often interfering with the operations of that many-headed, remorseless monster, business.

Like a good many other things, human beings included, rain can be seen at its best only in the country where its obvious utility rather enhances than detracts from its occasional beauty. I say occasional because not all rain storms are beautiful, some are dreary, sordid, and, if one may coin a word delightless. . Nothing can be more squalid than a late autumn rain falling on bare, plowed fields and leafless woods, just as nothing can be more attractive to eye and ear than the first warm rain of spring which comes in this country usually when the trees are in bud, Tennyson's mist of green, the baby leaves only half open. Such a rain seems miraculous in its power to cleanse and revivify, to wash away the last lingering refuse of winter. It sets the sap leaping, wakes the chilled flowers from their too-long sleep and summons the arriving birds to singing and nest building. After the bitter cold of winter, driving the dry snow with a powdery rustle across the roofs, very sweet and soothing, almost sacramental is the murmur on the old shingles of the first spring rain.

I have known sick folk, especially those who were waiting the great change, to listen for the earliest sound of the returning rain eagerly, exhibiting every sign of keen disappointment when it did not come. I wonder why they longed for that sound. Is there something in the vital power of rain almost capable of setting the tide of the ebbing blood aflow up the beach of life again? It would almost seem so.

Next to an early spring rain most welcome is the storm that breaks a long drought. Day after day the parched earth has gaped for the life-giving moisture, like a man dying of thirst. The sun hangs like a great globe of molten metal in the cruel sky. Flowers die, the birds cease to sing, the streams dry up, the grain turns yellow before due time, the cattle seek the few muddy waterholes remaining in the bed of the creek, or disconsolately, crop the perishing herbage. Even the deep-rooted trees show signs of suffering, presenting a dry, shrivelled, dusty appearance, like men grown suddenly old. Then, when every green thing seems about to pass from the earth, the wind changes from dry northwest to southeast, and not even the stout burghers of Leyden during their terrible seige welcomed the changing wind more joyfully than does the farmer as he notes the gathering clouds along the horizon, the volant blaze of the sheet lightning, hears the restless rumble of the thunder, and hopes that his perishing crop is to be saved at last. Too often in the Canadian west the rain that breaks the mid-summer drouth becomes ere many minutes have passed the lashing white fury of the hail, completing the destruction which the dry weather began.

I like to sit on the verandah of a farm house and watch the rains of spring and summer, the fruitful rains. But when those of fall set in I prefer the warm fireside and a book. They have no beauty, those fall rains, they grope like the icy fingers of death, searching for perishable clay. Their gray veils obscure the dull, lifeless landscape and the winds on whose wings they are borne have the voices of lost souls. But with the fruitful rains it is otherwise. They murmur soothingly on the roof, gurgle pleasantly in the eave-troughs or down the dry channel of the brook. They advance bravely round the end of the distant greenwood, their long lances flashing in the sun as he breaks the violet edge of the piled storm cloud into flying splinters of gold. They advance warily with a sort of elfish dance. First come a few heavy drops pattering on the leaves, the grass, the dry gravel, the dusty flowers and drier shingles. Then follows a silence almost breathless. One would think that the suspended rain, high up in the drifting clouds was pausing mischievously to listen for the effect produced by that refreshing patter of the skirmish line. Then with a roar as of a released Niagara, the windows of heaven are opened and the separate drops become merged into swift, glancing lines or solid sheets that twist and dance in weird contortions if the wind chance to blow up freshly as it nearly always does at such a time. When the storm has spent its force the lines break into drops once more, shining globes of water whose earthward flight can be distinctly traced if they chance to fall between you and the sun.

I was travelling across a Texas prairie some years ago in search of a stray cow. The day had been unusually bright and hot, but after a time the sky became overcast by a thick, leaden pall of low-flying clouds moving west. Suddenly the rain fell upon me in such a body of rushing, tepid water that I fancied for a moment that I had been caught in a cloudburst. It was too warm and soft to be unpleasant, but I never saw such another downpour anywhere else in my life. One minute I was perfectly dry—the next I seemed to have been plunged over the crown of my head in a warm bath. Within twenty minutes after the storm started the sun was shining again out of an almost cloudless sky and before I reached home I was as dry as when I set out.

Rains vary in their form with the season and the latitude. The rain of early spring in the north is usually a gentle thing, often a mere mist, through which the half opened buds glimmer softly. Those light spring rains are the tenderest things in nature. I like to fancy that it is to such music as theirs that our dead will some day waken out of the formless dust into the glory of the revived body. They do not violate, these gentle rains, they heal ; they do not kill, they quicken. The hot midsummer rains fall for the most part sheer down, in long, heavy, unbroken lines. Seen at a distance across a landscape partly in strong sunlight, they suspend ragged veils of blue-black vapor that seems to possess the weight and solidity of old tapestry. They are downright in their onslaught and mean business. The rains of fall and early winter involve the whole landscape for hours and days. They sweep with a

curious, slanting curve before the wind, falling with a dull plash, cold as the waves of December, hopeless and leaden as the thud of clods on a coffin; I hate them.

Of the sounds of rain in the night, rain heard but not seen, I like best the low, sleep-inducing murmur of the passing shower that comes when the air is hot, lifeless, stagnant as an old fish-pond in a deserted park, and stirs it into vivid life. I have lain awake on hot nights listening for this sound, to fall into a refreshing sleep the moment it came.

Bitterest of all sounds of rain is the plash, plash of the dull October storm falling upon the raw earth of a new-made grave, beating the frail beauty of the pitiful flowers into mud. Listening to this heart-breaking sound one sees, despite philosophy, the discolored stream creeping down, down through the thin wood and tinsel of the undertaker's slatternly splendor upon the cold, white face and crossed hands of what was once one's friend. How much better would be the white rush of the cleansing and releasing flame, the pale ashes flung to the winds or deposited in the urn which love might make a thing of beauty.

Even as I write these words the rain falls heavily and I dare not listen.

"Frater ave atque vale."


IN A WINNIPEG GARDEN

IT is only a tiny garden, wherein sour-tempered cats solemnly curse their gods and one another on sweet spring nights till they are dispersed by indignant, night-walking dogs, trudging between one garbage can and the next. But though my garden is so small that one of the old giants, Fin ~~Mc~~ Coul, for instance, might have covered it with his boot heel, wonderful happenings go on in and about it, so that viewed through the sympathetic eyes of imagination it becomes a world in itself. It is surrounded on a side and an end by a ramshackle fence of unpainted wooden palings inclining as much from the perpendicular as a politician from righteousness, while along the other side runs a prim, upright board fence. The remaining end is bounded by the back-kitchen wall which plunges into it in summer, like a yellow cliff among green breakers. In winter time the snow is as high as the kitchen roof and the garden looks like a miniature arctic wilderness.

With the advent of the first really warm days of spring the snow disappears, disclosing first an occasional patch of brown earth, then a larger expanse of the same primitive material and at last, towards the tenth of May, I begin to rummage in the attic for the garden tools, to pore over seed catalogues, to inspect the dahlia roots in the cellar and to watch for the green sprouts of rhubarb and the delicate horns of the ascending tulips. Presently I start digging leisurely, as father Adam probably did in Eden, being careful to avoid turning out peonies,

delphiniums and other perennials that are still below the surface. When growth at last begins in this bitter North-West it is astoundingly rapid, so rapid that you actually fancy you see the plants expanding in every direction before your eyes.

I plant few vegetables, being so passionately fond of flowers that I grudge ground devoted to curly lettuce, and pungent radishes, much preferring violets, tulips, mignonette, sweet-william and the fiery plumes of many-colored snapdragon to the tenderest and most toothsome green stuff.



The first flowers to arrive in spring are the gold and scarlet cups of the tulips, flaunting a glittering livery, like outriders at a royal procession. Having a tropical love for bright colors I have been partial to these bold heralds of Maytime ever since I played; a grubby small boy, in the old garden at home, under the shadow of the Malvern hills. While the tulips are still in their glory the sweet, tender blue of the violet peeps from beneath delicate arches of wild bracken, an excellent protector, by the way, of small, shade-loving plants.

Later by some weeks than the tulips the peonies burst into great globes of white, crimson and scarlet beauty. About this time my big lilac bush adorns herself with heavy spikes of purple, honey-sweet flowers, true lovers bouquets, for the encouragement of any sentimental cats who may be responding to the sweet influence of the season in the moonlit reaches of the back lane.

As there is a rhythm in poetry, in music, in the rise and fall of the tides and in life itself, so there is a distinct and recognizable rhythm in the growth,

decay and rapid succession of bloom in my garden. At first it is a rapid, lilting rhythm, like one of those dainty lyrics of Suckling or Herrick, "I dare not ask a kiss." Towards midsummer it swells into the rapid, bold and noble movement of Homer while towards autumn it gradually subsides into the melancholy, pensive beat of Collins' Ode to evening or the Elegy in a country churchyard.

Keeping pace with this rhythmical movement, illustrating it as a book of travel is illustrated by pictures, the various flowers present in turn the hues corresponding to the gay, rapid or slow-paced beat of the floral poem. First comes the delicate beauty of May's lilac and violets, then the fervent splendor of July marigolds and snapdragon, lastly the paler blossoms of autumn, the white balsam, the late-blooming mignonette. The garden in autumn grows sober-hued, like old-age; only the dahlias flaunt splendid colors in the teeth of winter, like a vigorous country squire who rides to hounds in immaculate pink and tops on his eightieth birthday and is found dead in bed the next morning.

If my garden is full to overflowing with flowers from late May to early November there are other things in it as well worth noting. Among the stems of snapdragon and phlox crawl beetles with formidable jaws, wearing metallic dress, of shiny blue-green or black-mail splashed with dots and crescents of gold and silver. These are the knights of the insect world, their armor hidden beneath rich, surcoats, like heroes of romance. I have bird visitors too, the inquisitive robin with the plaintive song, the noisy, ubiquitous sparrow, the industrious crossbill.

Often on hot midsummer afternoons the gold coat of the wild canary flashes among the stems of the fern. More rarely the ethereal plumes and uncanny, volent loveliness of the humming-bird lend to this tiny oasis of peace and color amid the drab brutality of too-noisy streets a touch of that old garden where the first man heard God walking in the cool of the day. At such times I catch a breath from far spaces, from wide horizons, from the cool, green aisles of the primeval forest and from that far time when cities with their problems still lay deep hidden in the womb of the future.

There are neither moles nor gophers in my garden but there is a dog who buries bones and if I had a pond containing a few fish and a turtle or two all the divisions of the scale of life would be represented.

What does the garden miss these last three summers? A gracious presence has gone from it, leaving it desolate. Even so desolate must that old garden have been when the angel with the flaming sword took up his station at the gates. My garden has lost its soul.

"There was a power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden, a ruling grace,
Who to the flowers did they waken or dream
Was as God is to the starry scheme."

On clear nights in late summer or early autumn the garden is more lovely than by day. The flowers sleep. Only the delicate white moon-flower is awake, a spectral moth flitting from cup to cup with swift flight, or hovering for a moment on vibrant, leashed wings. A little wind stirs in the crisp fronds of the fern. Something of mystery pervades the garden

at such times. The stored heat of day lingers among the sleeping flowers. A black cat, sacred to Hecate, leaps out of a bed of asters to go sailing silently over the fence as though riding an invisible broomstick. Suspended above the fragrance and subdued color hangs the serene glory of Luna, or if the night be moonless there are the stars or perhaps the wan glory of the northern lights makes the face of heaven a wonder and a joy.

But at last the frost comes, the snow falls thick, once more the garden is deserted save by ghostly leaves ashiver on dry stems. A subtle note of passionate regret for lost beauty makes the hushed garden a place sacred to dreams and sadness till the light tread of spring wakes it once more.


THE CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

READING Dickens' American notes the other evening I was moved more deeply than words can say by the description of Laura Bridgman and the work done for her by the patient, assiduous charity of Dr. Howe. Surely a high place among just men made perfect must be assigned to the self-denying souls who on this earth bend all their energies, direct all their thoughts and devote the major portion of their time to ameliorating the lot of those upon whose shoulders has fallen the heaviest of human burdens, the deprivation of one or more of the senses, those delicate channels of responsive nerve along which flow continuously, for most of us, from birth to death the myriad impressions of earth and heaven that form the basis of nearly all our ideas and deaden or develop our emotional nature according to the environment in which our lot is cast.

It is terrible enough to lose a sense we have long possessed and used. One of the noblest passages in English poetry is that in which the great Milton bewails his passing from the fair sights of town and country into the thick enveloping night of hopeless blindness. With that strange power of addressing the intellect through the heart which only poets possess the creator of Satan makes us actually feel his own agony, the "ever-during dark," the thick drop that has obscured his eyes, "rolling in vain to find the day." We sorrow with him as though the affliction were our own. We grope with him about his garden, round the shelves of his library, along the

pages of some favorite book which he can read no more. We find the world of light and color, so full for us of delightful forms, become suddenly an universal blank and all the pulsing glory of morning and evening expunged from the register of heaven.

It was a sad day for John Milton when darkness descended upon him, like night at noon, the grand poem still unwritten, but how much more terrible is this thick night of the senses to those who are born blind or, worse still, blind and deaf and dumb, nature shut out, not at one entrance only but at three. These unfortunates not only cannot see the face of their father, they cannot hear his voice or pronounce his name. They are as though they had no father. Milton was a full-grown man, a distinguished scholar, a formidable controversialist, one of the foremost figures in England when he lost his sight. His capacious memory was already stored to repletion with the visual images of meadow and mountain, gray parish church and soaring cathedral, illuminated manuscript and, "storied windows richly dight" the glory of dawn and sunset, the changeful tapestry of the flying seasons, the splendor of the midnight sky and the faces of his fellow men before the pale finger of disease touched the delicate nerve, shutting out all the pleasant and sorry sights of this world. There are not wanting able critics to say that Paradise Lost would have been woven of less gorgeous tissue had the poet retained his sight and that the unearthly beauty of Eve and the witching loveliness of her marriage bower owe not a little to the fact that their creator was forced to recombine images long stored



in the dark chambers of his memory rather than draw fresh ones from his immediate surroundings.

He who loses his sight late in life may recall the meadows he played in as a boy, the fair faces of mother, wife, child, last winter's snow-storm, last summer's rose; but for those who are born blind there is no such consolation. Theirs is not the deprivation of the king who has abdicated but of the king who has never reigned. They cannot see the face of their Father in Heaven because they have never seen the face of their earthly father. When to blindness is added deafness and its necessary concomitant, dumbness, the case calls not for tears, but horror, not for pity only but for profound astonishment, for a feeling of wonder mingled with terror that to the natural incapacity, weakness and imperfection belonging to every one born of woman should be added this further indignity, seeming more like the caprice of some incomprehensible brutality, some giant will devoid of feeling, than the ordered processes of a beneficent Creator.

I recall seeing once in a German forester's cottage, not far from Fribourg, a pretty little blind, blue-eyed tot of six or seven summers, saying the Lord's prayer with her hands, using that dumb alphabet which is to the afflicted what Latin used to be to the scholar, an universal language. To be sure the little miss was neither dumb nor deaf. I can hear her laughter yet after all these years. But she had been so slow in learning to speak that her parents feared at first she was going to be dumb as well as blind and so her pastor, who had a dumb boy of his own, taught her the sign language. With what amazing deftness

she spelled out the well-known words on her tiny hands. The movements of her fingers were so rapid that one could hardly follow them yet they appeared less agile than her mind. When she was in the midst of her prayer a bird began singing, some distance away in the forest. Instantly the tiny hands were still, clasped in front of her breast. She inclined her head sideways, listening, her cheeks slightly flushed; her lips parted, her face turned towards the sound. The sunlight fell upon her head through an open window but she could not see it; for her it had no existence. Her expression displayed that faint cloud of anxiety never entirely absent from the faces of the blind. Suddenly the hands unclasped, springing into vivid life as she spelled out the name of the bird. Then with a return to her more serious mood, marked in the transition by a pretty pout, she resumed her interrupted prayer. . . . The scene is one that will live forever in my memory. The little girl's parents were kind and she was happy. Alas, all parents of afflicted children are not kind to these baffled little ones whose burden, so much greater than our ordinary burdens, might move Nero to compassion and draw "iron tears" from the eyes of Pluto himself.

What of deafness? how great a privation is that. To be excluded from participation in all the joy that comes to us from children's laughter, the song of birds, the murmur of rain on the roof, the moan of the tide, the deep diapason of the storm and all the sweet, subtle and soul-stirring harmonies of music, is this nothing?

For thirteen years I lived in daily and hourly communion with a little friend whose sense of hearing was so seriously impaired that only with extreme difficulty could one speak or read aloud to her with the certainty of being heard. Often when we went to a concert or the theatre I have sickened at the expression of pain on the small, piquant face as she strove to catch some exquisite low notes or some passage of dialogue delivered in a tone quite distinct to normal ears but inaudible to hers. Often has she turned to me with a slight, swift gesture of disappointment and a glance that said plainer than words "can you not through the love you bear me, convey to me what you are enjoying and I am not?"

And they shall see the face of their Father in Heaven. Surely there is no blindness in the world of pure spirit; nor deafness, nor any other affliction. If as Swedenborg supposed, our love of God and God's justice and our affection for our fellow men here, determines our spiritual condition throughout eternity then among the flaming seraphim, in that third heaven which the old mystic saw, will appear many who walked all the days of their earthly pilgrimage in darkness and silence, praising their Creator not with words but with a sweet patience and along with these children of darkness will be those souls, radiant with the sanguine hue of charity, who tried to make the darkness of the unfortunate less dense and the silence less profound and awful.

THE LITTLE GRAY CHURCH


"Through the narrow paved streets when all is still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill."

IT stood on a wind-swept knoll overlooking a bay on the south coast of Wales. All day long and all night too the moan of the wind and the unforgettable voice of the sea drifted up its one narrow aisle to linger round its rude old altar of gray stone. One would have said that this continuous murmur, rising at times to a cry, was the voices of the drowned sailors whose cenotaphs nearly covered the walls. There was a weather-worn stone seat against the south wall of the squat tower, where I often used to sit of an evening, reading or day-dreaming, chin on hand, while great thunder-heads, edged with wrinkled fire and purple as a king's robe marched, growling, like chained lions, along the tops of the hills across the bay.

Towards sundown the fishing boats used to begin running swiftly across the bay into the broad estuary of the river and up to the landing stage below the village. As they came opposite the church they had to stand close in-shore on account of some sinuosity of the channel or something in connection with the tide, I forget just which. As they swept past my seat, like great, broad-winged birds, I could almost see the weather-beaten faces of the men as they moved about, hauling on the ropes or handling the heavy nets that had been drawn inboard and emptied as they crossed the bay. It was a pretty sight on a fair, calm evening to watch these graceful craft with

their broad mainsails and sky-aspiring topsails bellying in the brisk wind that came up with the tide. As the sun sank the hollows of the sails filled with bloody light while the spars and ropes became swaying bars and shimmering lines of gold. Presently the inshore wind would sink to a dead calm or come only in fitful puffs to be succeeded in a short time by the offshore wind that blew strongly all night past the little gray church, setting the cracked bell swinging in the tower while it filled the building with sounds even more eerie, if that were possible, than those heard by day.

During the daytime there was nearly always at least one woman praying in the little church. She was frequently accompanied by a young child, just able to walk, who while his mother was at her devotions would go toddling up and down the aisle or stand before the altar, gazing up at the ancient reredos, with a chubby finger or thumb in his pink mouth. Often the child would go down on all-fours to grub in the sand that covered the flagstones. Even in the wildest winter weather the door always stood open, permitting the wind to drive the restless sand into the building, covering everything with a gritty coat. Unless the dead people came by night to sweep the church clean I cannot imagine how it was saved from being buried up long ago. Many times I have seen the face of the kneeling woman wet with tears, bearing eloquent testimony to some recent tragedy but more often it was a calm face that I saw beneath the rim of the conical Welsh hat. These fisher folk have their emotions under iron control, as indeed they need to have for the sea is a capricious



savage, fierce as a wounded lion, terrible as an army with banners.

During one brief summer that I spent in the vicinity of the little church five smart fishing smacks ran out with the morning tide to sail in at evening no more forever. With the five boats thirty as brave, hardy and sturdy men as one would care to see disappeared in a mad smother of foam. A few of the bodies were washed ashore to receive burial in the bleak churchyard but these were the exceptions, the rule with those who are lost at sea being that the great, green monster swallows them, crunching their bones, so that they are seen no more by the eyes of the living.

But if there were casualties among the inshore fishermen, whose custom it is to return to their wives and babies every night, if they return at all, what of those who set sail in spring for the banks of Iceland or Newfoundland, to remain beyond the mysterious rim of the ocean till the lengthening nights, the browning of the deep woods, the southward flight of the wild geese and the jewelled belt of Orion swinging higher each evening in the frosty sky turn anxious eyes seaward, straining wearily for a first glimpse of the homing ships. Alas, life is short and hard, joy is brief and partings are long. Of the little ships that sail out so gallantly in the spring there are always one or two, sometimes several, that greet Tenby light and the frowning ruins of Lanstefan castle no more. They and their swarthy crews have been wedded to the sea. The women mourn. The young children play, unheeding. At last, on a Sunday in December, when all hope that the

laggards may return is gone, the little red-faced rector preaches a quaint and tender sermon to heal the sore hearts of those who are left yet awhile longer to inhabit that strange, restless, fleeing shadow we call the body. I had the privilege of attending one such service and was more profoundly impressed by the genuine piety and poignant, quiet grief of the tiny congregation than ever I was by the elaborate ceremonial, gorgeous vestments and superb music of a great church festival amid the historic splendors of Westminster or St. Peter's.

History, did I say? The little gray church has no mean history of its own. No antiquarian seems to know exactly when it was built. The massive walls and the squat, ugly pillars supporting their brutally heavy cushion capitals, are certainly Norman. No doubt there is truth in the legend, current among the fisher folk, that the church was built by a pious Earl of Pembroke to preserve the memory of a favorite daughter, lost at sea off that wild coast. But if the body of the church is Norman the small tower and doorway are unmistakably Gothic of the best period. Many an hour have I spent gazing at that doorway, noting its marvellously graceful proportions, the delicate, sweeping curves of the arch, the perfect balance of the capstone, the strength and lightness of the perpendicular shafts. The builder, some forgotten genius, must have taken a beach leaf for his model for his doorway has just the shape of the outer portion of such a leaf. There is even a very slight inward curve of the sides near the floor that detracts nothing from the perfect symmetry of the lovely thing but rather lends a touch of verisimilitude,

as though a leaf had pushed itself partway out of the ground before turning to stone. The work would have delighted Ruskin as it must forever delight anyone with an eye for beauty and a love of honest craftsmanship.

There is a quaint reredos in the church with two grotesque figures, one of the patron saint, Saint Brandan, by your leave, the other the most good-natured imp ever artist imagined. The saint is pointing sternly with an episcopal crook at the imp who does not mind it in the least but sticks out his tongue, turns up his nose and draws down the outer corners of his fat eyelids quite like a bad boy of our own day when threatened by something of which he is not afraid. The stone cross over the altar is coeval with the church. It is a fine piece of severely plain work, said to be the best example extant of early eleventh-century carving.

Very simple and infinitely pathetic are some of the inscriptions on the memorial tablets, of black stone with white lettering, scattered here and there over the walls. They are a noble lesson in the dignities and restraints of language as employed by a people who prefer actions to words and spend their days in the visible shadow of death. One example must suffice. It is near the altar, on the epistle side.

"Sacred to the memory of David Thomas
and his crew, consisting of nineteen men
and a boy, lost at sea during the great
storm, September 11th to 18th, 1779.
God keep them."

Only a few plain words; imagination must supply the details of the grim tragedy so austere commemorated. All round the church sleep the dead,

women, old men, little children, whom the sea has spared. In those old days when the full moon of midsummer rode high in a cloudless sky and all the winds were still, the little gray church became a thing of haunting beauty, of profound peace, of tranquil memories, the veritable abode of God, father of all flesh.

THE WEIGHT OF MOSSY STONES

IN a fine sonnet published some years ago in Philadelphia, over the name Mahlon, Leonard Fisher, occurs this line.

"The old shall feel the weight'of mossy stones."

I have been thinking lately about that line, together with all its implications, and experience, the mother of wisdom, assisted by intuition, which is a sort of sixth sense or higher reach of the reasoning faculty, has revealed to me that it is not upon the old who are near the mossy stones that such stones press most heavily, but upon the young and the middle-aged, particularly the latter, for they have spent a good deal of their vital force, they are too old to form new ties readily with the things of this world and yet may have to live on many years, mourning a lost friend, wife or child, whose absence is a privation hardly to be borne. I have seen too that it is not for ourselves that we fear the weight of the mossy stones but for others, because when we draw near them, unless we are strongly attached to all the good things of this life for their own sake or have loved ones depending upon our labor whom we dread to leave behind to sustain the battle alone, we are as it were prepared by something in our own nature, a sort of divine philosophy without words, a lightning in the mind; for the great change so that we no more think about or are troubled by the stone that is to bear date and name than we are in health by the head.

of the bed that rises above us in the darkness as we drop off to sleep at night.

Our first experience of the brutalities and privations of life is nearly always the worst, unless indeed it comes at that extremely tender age when the mind resembles the uneasy breast of a lake that holds an image of bird or cloud only for a moment before shattering it into a myriad flying fragments, never to be re-combined. By the time we have set a weary foot upon the worn threshold of old age we have learned long since the worst that life can do to us; our passions are dead, our appetites are easily satisfied, our experience is a store-house full to overflowing. We have accumulated a body of philosophy to protect us against the surprise attacks and flying excursions of the great enemy of human peace, ignorance, and if we have grown old wisely we see beyond the earthly goal the heavenly country, the fair city of our ultimate dreams. The mossy stone, which at forty was a dead weight upon the heart, crushing it, turning every moment of consciousness into a point of intolerable agony, has become a mere mile-post on a long journey, or rather the mark of the god, Terminus, set up at the boundary of the transient, or what is falsely called by shallow thinkers the actual, to point us forward across the last frontier into the clear air and wide spaces of eternity.

I am always sorry for the young at those moments when they are first brought face to face with death, whether it be they who are to go a journeying, which seems like destroying the rose-bush before the bud has formed, or as more frequently happens they have

to part with parent, lover, friend. The young are so tender, so easily hurt. Many young people who appear coarse, who try to hold a high head, hiding their pain from the world behind a brazen mask, suffer intolerably in secret.

I once came upon a young girl crying bitterly as she crouched on the back steps of a poor home in one of the most squalid quarters of a great city. Only an hour before I had noted her, apparently gayest of the gay, bold, reckless, almost fierce in her assertion of independence and self-reliance, as she smoked a cigarette among some young men of her acquaintance at a street-corner. Being slightly acquainted with her I ventured to enquire gently into the cause of so poignant a grief. Drying her eyes on a rag of a pocket handkerchief she motioned with her head towards the house, muttering a little grimly one word. "Mother." I could only say, I am sorry. It would have been a useless impertinence to offer further consolation. I knew too well what the house contained. I knew too that underneath the coarse exterior of the little mourner there was a tender heart, horribly wounded. At that moment she was feeling the weight of mossy stones and fresh earth as she would never feel them again during all the days of her earthly pilgrimage unless there should come a time when she must take a dead child from her breast to lay it away forever.

"O my little lady, my little lady, who was taken from me," sang the great Dante six hundred years ago. The words have been repeated again and again, in all the languages of the earth, by men of all races, in the hour of loss and final parting. They are

a part of the natural, inalienable poetry of mankind, owing to the great Florentine only noble choice of words and perfection of rhythm. The sentiment is universal, language is merely the dress in which it appears from time to time, the cut and color of the garments depending on the individual mind that gives them form.

There is an ancient dirge, well known among both gentry and peasantry when I was a boy in the west of England. The literary version of it is too well known to call for quotation in full since every lover of poetry and many who are not lovers of poetry must know by heart the Lyke Wake song.

"This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle.
Fire and sleete and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule."

All the shuddering dread of death common to our common humanity, all the mystery of the dropping night and the uncharted road, brightened by the Christian hope that the darkness will become light and the road lead somewhere, through and beyond the church-yard dust, is in that verse. The popular version which I heard as a boy from the lips of my old nurse was far more vivid and poignant than the printed one. It was longer too and full of coarse and dreadful imagery but with a note of exquisite tenderness at the close.

"If to bird you e'er threw crumb,
Healed dog's smart;
Christe shall call you, little lamb,
Take you to his heart;"

Doubtless some medieval lover of animals, anxious to inculcate the sweet Franciscan duty of

kindness to our dumb kin, wrote that verse into the original for it is not in the oldest known manuscript version.

No, despite the haunting beauty of Mr. Fisher's sonnet I cannot agree with him that it is the old upon whose hearts the mossy stones lie most heavily. I have known many old people intimately. Some few of them were morose, vicious, sullen, but they had always been like that. The others were calm, kindly, helpful, their faces reflecting a joyous serenity approaching closely to gayety. Their hearts seemed light, not heavy, despite the privations incident to physical infirmity. Their minds were full of light of that quality which lies along the tops of mountains at evening or rests upon the sea at the moment of the sun's going down, a level pathway of gold, an intense radiance, not diffused as by day, but drawing to a definite point as though marshalling the way into untravelled worlds and level meadows of rest and spiritual refreshment.

O you old people who have learned at last how light and little worthy of serious notice the mossy stone is as well as with what a cold, deadly power it can oppress the young, driving brightness from the eyes and laughter from the lips, destroying the man's strength and the woman's beauty, console those less fortunate than yourselves who have not yet learned this last and hardest lesson.

"Che nassi pe u paradisu
A stu mondo un po imbecchia,"

sang the mothers of Corsica over the too-early fashioned graves of their young. "It is sweet to be alive and good it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

There are secrets of terror in the narrow house which even when visualized only in part and dimly have power to chill the hottest blood. Laughter dies on flippant lips at the thought of the rose garland and the fair head that wears it passing down into dust. The weight of the mossy stone cannot be measured by the pull of gravity alone for it has spiritual allies adding to its cold strength a more formidable power. Heed it not, it is a phantom. Seen by the clear light of faith it becomes a thing for laughter rather than for tears; for hope not dread, the source of a new strength, the gate leading out of death into everlasting life.

"SUNSET AND EVENING STAR"

AS one grows older, one begins to realize why Wordsworth, the high-priest of nature, and indeed nearly all the poets from Homer, with his Juno quenching the unwilling orb of day, to Francis Thompson, with his "Cloud with wrinkled fire edged sharp," have delighted to reserve their richest imagery and sweetest music, their best of thought and their choicest words for investing, with all the charm art lends to its chosen objects, the beauty and significance of evening. Brave songs have been sung about the sparkle and exuberance of morning and the sultry splendor of noon; but it is evening—with her rose and daffodil skies, her purple, crimson, and gold, her fading glory merging almost imperceptibly into the stealthy coming-on of night, her peace and security, with church bells ringing the angelus, sheep in fold, cottage lights beginning to twinkle behind the lilacs and lace curtains, and the radiance of one superb star making the whole heaven beauty herself—that has chiefly engaged the attention of those men who do for us with regard to beauty what the priests do for us with regard to the outward vesture of religion—rescue her from the mud of the counting-house and the market place, helping us to see her lovely lineaments, if only dimly and for a moment, through the mists of passion, prejudice, and the dust raised by the too-fierce struggle for existence.

It is, of course, a mistake to say that without the artist beauty would die. Beauty cannot die because

she is eternal, as God is eternal. Think you Aurora never blushed before man emerged from the womb of time? Were there no wine-dark waves before Homer, no clouds ablaze with the glory of dawn and sunset? Did Mont Blanc never wear the spirituelle robe of the Alpenglow till a poet rose worthy to priase him? Was there no spring before the arts—no child's face, no tenderness of dawn, no majesty of Death, no delicate witchery of interlacing bough or breaking wave, of sunlight and shadow? Were there no flowers, no snow-flakes, those pale blossoms of winter, no hawks poised bell-winged against the unfathomable blue, no gliding swallows across still lakes at evening, and no nights glorified by moon and stars or the leaping splendor of the aurora borealis? Yes, all these lovely things were before man as all may continue for countless ages after the last vestige of him and his work has vanished from this sore-troubled earth.

But if beauty may not die, men may die to beauty; and therein lies the true province and high calling of the artist, not to keep beauty alive but to prevent poor earth-worms from becoming so blind that they cannot or will not see her.

Now of all the aspects, grave and tender, elfish or dignified, under which beauty may appear to us who have eyes to see her, there is none so fraught with power at once to heal and to delight, none so capable of elevating the mind and soothing the nerves and searching the heart, none which seems to possess in richer abundance the stored memories of the race, the glory of the past, and the promise of the future, than that hour, or rather moment, for it is often a

very brief period, when the fiery curtains of sunset have been drawn and the star of evening reigns unchallenged over the triumphing night and the departing day. In these high latitudes of long, grave twilights, this serene time, dedicate to dreams and meditation, is of considerable length, sometimes an hour or more, depending on the season and the weather. But in the South, it is different; and I recall vividly how startled I was, upon my first visit to a semi-tropical region, to note the terrifying swiftness with which the pitchy blackness of a moonless night succeeded the hot, white blaze of day. There was scarce an interval between the moment when the glowing disk of the sun plunged below the troubled waves of the Caribbean and that other moment, when amid the soft voices and shuffling steps of night-prowling negroes, I was groping my way up the beach to the hotel. There was something positively uncanny in this sudden withdrawal of all light from the earth. It was as though to the ancient *Fiat Lux* had been added a new and terror-breeding *Fiat Nox*—let there be night.

I once saw the sun set and "still evening come on" from a chalet high up on the western slope of the Weisshorn, which the late professor Tyndall justly called the noblest mountain of the Alps. As the orb of day disappeared, gigantic shadows moved majestically across the lower slopes of the neighboring mountains, whose summits were at the same time suffused by a rose so penetrating and delicate that no earthly language, not even the Greek, has words to adequately describe its supernal beauty. The shadows seemed like mighty outposts of night pushed

forward to spy out the ground and drive in the retreating cohorts of day. A single star of an indescribable blue-white radiance flamed in the west, quenching with its light even the stormy splendor of the torn clouds. Gently the intense colors faded, as the blood ebbs in the faces of the dying. An ashy paleness succeeded, dominated by the glory of that splendid star, while through the chill air the serene, ghostly mountains, crowned with their everlasting snows, stood like spectral giants commanding deep valleys of impenetrable shade.

There is another evening that lingers in my memory, reigning there with a less majestic but more tranquil power than that Alpine one. It lies among my earliest recollections, as it will linger among my latest. I was at play on the long, level sands of a beach in the west of England, with the broad estuary of a great river behind me and a little to the right, while far to the left the surf was leaping playfully amid wild masses of rock. Between me and the rocks lay the bare sands, level and wet, glistening in the fading light, which at first was red, giving to everything it touched the hue of freshly spilled blood. The tide was running slowly out, and its moan filled my childish ears with what is for an imaginative human being one of the few unforgettable sounds of nature. A vast flock of gulls and other sea-birds dived, screamed, massed in snowy clouds of tumultuous wings, or stalked sedately, singly or in twos and threes, along the line of the retreating foam. A young moon, only a few days old, suspended her tenuous crescent of spectral gold in a wash of delicate rose, which became violet so gently and imperceptibly that the change seemed like one of those transitions

in music in which the high, gay note of a lyric of passion passes into a plaintive lament for vanished joy. Somewhere a church bell chimed musically the hour—nine. Nearer a sheep bell tinkled, while under the rush and rustle of the breaking waves I caught the sigh of wind in the long grass of a neighboring churchyard, whose headstones glimmered white and ghostly in the invading dusk. Tired by my play I sat on a sun-warmed rock, my little spade and bucket at my bare feet. Suddenly I felt a light hand on my arm, looked up and saw a fair woman's face, crowned by a coronet of braided gold, bending above me. Rising I took up my pail and spade and went home, with the light dying slowly behind me. Once I turned to look back. The evening star had triumphed over the fires of sunset and the white beauty of the young moon. The still air was full of the moan of the tide on the distant bar. It was Tennyson's great lyric illustrated by the finger of God—"Sunset and evening star."

I have watched the approach of evening many times, in many different lands, among the sweet apple blossoms of old Ontario and the brier roses and restless wheat of a western June, on northern lakes in winter and amid the thunderous hush of the tropics, where the clouds that attended the setting sun flamed with the pallid glare of the lightning. There are two fair women's faces associated with evening in my memory. They have both gone from me in the flesh, but in the spirit I often see them and shall see them more clearly than ever at that moment when evening for me becomes night and through the triumphing darkness I catch the vision of a new and fairer day.

SHAKESPEARE AGAIN

MY introduction to Shakespeare if not scholarly was dramatic. I was attending a children's party at a country house near Holm-Lacy in the west of England. The young host, aged nine and a half, was doing the honors of the house for a group of youngsters of whom I, aged ten, was one. As we invaded for a moment the cool seclusion of the library our host remarked, with an airy wave of the right arm, worthy of a politician dismissing the arguments of the opposition, "That's the book uncle throws at the cat when his gout's bad." Uncle, was an irascible old soldier and the book was a battered copy of Shakespeare's tragedies, worth perhaps five and six pence. The incident was hardly calculated to inspire me with profound respect for the Swan of Avon.

What right have I to talk about Shakespeare? Allow me to produce my modest credentials. I have read the plays carefully, "from title page to closing line" at least once a year for the past thirty two years and am so little in need of a concordance to them that I am sometimes mistaken for one. Add to this that I have seen many of them acted by the most celebrated actors of our time, on both sides of the Atlantic, and am besides familiar with what the leading critics have said about both plays and actors, and perhaps I may be allowed to be at least as well qualified to discuss them as Mr. Tunney.

If I were required to put the proof of Shakespeare's greatness as a writer into the fewest possible words

I should merely call the roll of manifestly able men who have written about him and his work. Men of the calibre of Dryden, Pope, Voltaire, Johnson, Schegel, Sainte Beuve and Brandes do not waste the precious hours of this all too short life in trying to prove that a dunce is not a dunce or even that he is one.

For three centuries now Shakespeare's work has been bombarded from every possible angle. The men of his own day said that he was no scholar. The Puritans accused him of indecency. Dryden hinted that the plays should have been rhymed, like his own. Pope attacked Shakespeare's loose grammar, Voltaire, his lack of French niceness in the matter of form while Johnson, in the famous preface, accused him in tremendous English of playing with quibbles and of chasing a pun through three pages, like a dog trying to corner a cat in a basement. As for the moderns they have for the most part confined their charges against the great dramatist to four heads; his lack of general ideas, his habit of stealing plots, his still more reprehensible habit of lifting whole passages out of other authors and his bad writing. They have also gone to the length of saying that he never lived which reminds me of what an Irishman once said to a detective who had failed to find any clues to the perpetrator of a brutal murder. "Bedad if nobody murdered him then nobody did a good job."

Gentlemen of the jury, on behalf of my client, Mr. Shakespeare, I plead guilty to each and all of the foregoing charges. My client was not much of a scholar but he was a good, sound, practical fellow

who built up a nice, comfortable estate for himself at Stratford on Avon. He occasionally introduces indecent passages into the plays, but so, by the way, did Voltaire. Have you ever read *Candide*? My client wrote no rhymed tragedies in the manner of Dryden, but then Dryden's are very bad indeed. My client's grammar is often more idiomatic than text-bookish but it is none the worse on that account. I fancy you did not care much for grammar when you were going to school, neither did I. He was fond of quibbles and dearly loved a pun but his puns are good puns and it takes a clever man to make a really good pun. He has as few general ideas as a Presidential candidate. Is Mr. Hoover a fool? or Mr. Smith? My client took his plots from wherever he could find them which no doubt accounts for their badness, but then he had a family to keep and was in a hurry to make money, as we all are. He frequently lifted long passages out of Boccaccio and Plutarch and you may take my word for it he improved them considerably. And now let us see if we cannot find a few good things to say in the prisoner's favor.

Before I attempt to present the case for my client I must notice one more charge that has been brought against him, that he often writes badly; he does.

"And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast."

There is a sample of Shakespeare's bad writing and I defy even the leader-writer for a yellow journal to beat it for slovenly thinking and inappropriate

imagery. But unfortunately for the critics the same play that contains that also contains this.

"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry; that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate."

Was a delightful bit of scenery ever more delightfully described? To the airy creation of a poet's fancy our author has given an atmosphere as keen as the "wind on the heath," or the breeze that takes toll of our ears and noses in January. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating then surely the proof of good poetry lies in its power to make that which has no existence in the world of the senses appear as actual as the fields, trees and cups and saucers with which and the people with whom we are most familiar. This power Shakespeare possessed in the highest degree. His Athens and Arden, his dogs and primroses, his Lear, Cordelia and Hamlet are as real to those of us who have read his works, as of course you, gentlemen of the jury, have, as are our own lawns and pets, our wives and daughters.

No other writer ever surpassed Shakespeare, and few have equalled him, in the art of putting the whole of a character, a race or an epoch, the very essence of the thing, into a few unforgettable words. Perhaps the best example of this is in the reply of Augustus to his sister, Octavia's, complaint of the neglect of her husband, Mark Anthony. It is one of the most tremendous lines in poetry.

"But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."

The whole Stoic philosophy as well as the quintessence of that iron, relentless, unyielding Roman temper, that scorned pain and danger and shrank from no evil, is in that speech, which might have been put into the mouth of Jove himself. An excellent example of this same power, applied to an individual, is the brief description of Coriolanus.

"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

What a picture of stubborn independence and haughty, unshakable courage.

Of tenderness and of that humanity, a blend of heart and intellect, which is the finest flower of our nature, since it issues in acts of kindness, generosity, magnanimity, Shakespeare has given us a thousand examples but none better than the seventh scene of the fourth act of *King Lear*. What lover of the plays does not know the exquisite lines?

"O my dear father ; Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made."

Humor is a blossom that soon fades, more's the pity. That which rouses the laughter of one age fails to wake even a smile in the next because humor depends so much for its power to excite our risible faculty on allusions to the transient, to persons, things and incidents limited in duration, rather than on universals. Much of Shakespeare's humor has lost its savor for us, nevertheless Falstaff remains one of the supremely funny figures of literature. The man who can read the scene in the Boar's Head tavern in which the great, old fat man examines Prince Hal, without

grinning is beyond help from the spirit of laughter. "Banish plump Jack and banish all the world."

If there is a greater woman in literature than Cleopatra I have not met her. By great in this connection I mean possessed of an astonishing and terrifying power. How royal she is, what a splendid coquette, how grandly human in her wrath and in her love, how fierce and passionate. How swiftly her moods change and how well every mood suits her. She is indeed the serpent of old Nile, the immortal siren, the epitome of all that makes woman attractive, dangerous and mysterious. Reading that tremendous death scene one is reminded of Sir Thomas Browne's great phrase, "the strange enormities of ancient magnanimity." I would gladly rest my case for Shakespeare on this one play of Anthony and Cleopatra, the world's supreme drama of passion.

I know of only one true faery play, one pure creation of the poet's imagination, woven throughout of air and moonlight, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a queer title for a May-day fantasy. Samuel Pepys saw nothing in it and indeed it is a play only for poets and children, an exquisite flower of a great poet's mind which,—

"gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

If you enjoy a bit of homely dialogue, most thoroughly human and lifelike, and who does not, read scene two of the third act of King Henry the fourth. "And is old Double dead?"

I know of no scene in literature which illustrates more fully the strange power which the spoken word exercises over the minds and hearts of ordinary men

than the second of the third act of Julius Caesar. With a fine piece of special pleading, shot through with occasional flashes of mordant irony (for Brutus is an honorable man,) and sweetened to the taste of the plain fellow's palate with a little maudlin sentiment, unashamed, (Poor; poor dumb mouths,)

Anthony transforms a coldly-critical, well-nigh hostile audience into a raging volcano of lawless passion, ripe for arson and murder.

My time is up. I have, I think, made a few points for my client and I will ask you to believe that for every one I have made I could easily make a dozen and illustrate each with twice that number of apt quotations. Now gentlemen, you are plain-spoken and matter-of-fact, as all sensible men are, let me tell you that Shakespeare can be quite as plain-spoken as Tex Rickard himself. Listen to this.

RODERIGO. "I cannot believe that in her. She is full of most blessed conditions."

IAGO. "Blessed fig's end. The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blessed would she have loved the Moor? blessed pudding."

There is not much poetry or sentiment in that but there is a good deal of commonsense and to the commonsense of the jury I appeal against Shakespeare's detractors. With all his faults he was a great poet, perhaps the greatest.

EPIGRAMS

There is a profound significance in the fact that the attitude of extreme humility, the head bowed in the dust, should also be the attitude of extreme sorrow. Humility is an essential part of wisdom, and to be wise is certainly to be unhappy.

What is known as the innocence of youth is merely ignorance. Man is never innocent long after he has learned how easy and profitable it is to be wicked.

There are two kinds of lies, apparent lies and those which can only be discovered to be lies with great difficulty : it is the people who are unskilful enough to use the former kind who are known as liars.

It is rather a pity that there is only one place where folk of all classes may meet without hating and despising one another, the cemetery ; even there the rich and the poor are in different sections.

Our pity for a man who has been ruined is always accompanied by a feeling of relief : in his disaster we see too clearly what might have happened to us.

A good wife is her husband's conscience. This may account for the fact that so many men like their wives to take a good deal of sleep.

The best diplomat is the one who, understanding the true and enduring interest of various countries, can make the government to which he is accredited see it too, as their own.

Every time a criminal stands in the dock, society is arraigned at the bar of ultimate justice, who enquires sternly, "What have you contributed to making this man what he now is ?"

All reformation must begin with the individual and be applied by himself to himself. This is why all attempts to legislate evil out of the world must fail.